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ART. I.—*Essays, Selected from Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.'* By Henry Rogers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

MR. ROGERS has only risen of late into universal reputation, although he had long ago deserved it. It has fared with him as with Thomas Hood and with some others who had for many years enjoyed a dubious and struggling, although real and rising fame, till some signal hit, some 'Song of the Shirt' or 'Eclipse of Faith,' introduced their names to millions who never heard of them before, and turned suddenly on their half-shadowed faces the broadest glare of fame. Thousands upon thousands who had never heard of Hood's 'Progress of Cant' or his 'Comic Annuals,' so soon as they read the 'Song of the Shirt' inquired eagerly for him, and began to read his earlier works. And so, although literary men were aware of Mr. Rogers' existence, and that he was an able contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review,' the general public knew not even his name till the 'Eclipse of Faith' appeared, and till its great popularity excited a desire to become acquainted with his previous lucubrations. We met with the 'Eclipse of Faith' at its first appearance, but have only newly risen from reading his collected articles, and propose to record our impressions while they are yet fresh and warm.

Henry Rogers, as a reviewer and writer, seems to think that he belongs to the school of Jeffrey and Macaulay, although possessed of more learning and imagination than either, of a higher moral sense and manlier power than the first, and of a freer

diction and an easier vein of wit than the second; and the style of deference and idolatry he uses to them and to Mackintosh might almost to his detractors appear either shameful from its hypocrisy, ludicrous from its affectation, or silly from the ignorance it discovers of his own claims and comparative merits. We defy any unprejudiced man to read the two volumes he has reprinted from the 'Edinburgh Review,' and not to feel that he has encountered, on the whole, the most accomplished, manliest, healthiest, and most Christian writer who ever adorned that celebrated periodical. If he has contributed to its pages no one article equal in brilliance to Jeffrey's papers on Alison and Swift, or to Macaulay's papers on Milton and Warren Hastings, his papers, taken *en masse*, are more natural, less laboured, full of a richer and more recondite learning, and written in a more conversational, more vigorous, and more thoroughly English style. His thought, too, is of a profounder, and, at the same time, clearer cast. Jeffrey had the subtlety of the lawyer rather than the depth of the philosopher. Macaulay thinks generally like an eloquent special pleader. Henry Rogers is a candid, powerful, and all-sided thinker, and one who has fed his thought by a culture as diversified as it is deep. He is a scholar, a mathematician, a philosopher, a philologist, a man of taste and *virtu*, a divine, and a wit, and if not absolutely a poet, yet he verges often on poetical conception, and his free and fervid eloquence often kindles into the fire of poetry.

Every one who has read the 'Eclipse of Faith,'—and who has not?—must remember how that remarkable work has collected all these varied powers and acquisitions into one burning focus, and must be ready to grant that since Pascal no knight has entered into the arena of religious controversy better equipped for fight, in strength of argument, in quickness of perception, in readiness and richness of resource, in command of temper, in pungency of wit, in a sarcasm which 'burns froze' with the intense coolness of its severity, and in a species of Socratic dialogue which the son of Sophroniscus himself would have envied. But as the public and press generally have made up their minds upon all these points, as also on the merits of his admirable 'Defence,' and have hailed the author with acclamation, we prefer to take up his less known preceding efforts in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and to bring their merits before our readers, while, at the same time, we hope to find metal even more attractive in the great names and subjects on which we shall necessarily be led to touch, as, under Mr. Rogers' guidance, we pursue our way. We long, too, shall we say, to break a lance here and there with so distinguished a champion, although assuredly it shall be all in honour and not in hate.



From his political papers we abstain, and propose to confine ourselves to those on letters and philosophy. His first, and one of his most delightful papers, is on quaint old Thomas Fuller. It reminds us much of a brilliant paper on Sir Thomas Browne, contributed to the same journal, we understand, by Bulwer. Browne and Fuller were kindred spirits, being both poets among wits and wits among poets. In Browne, however, imagination and serious thought rather preponderate, while wit unquestionably is, if not Fuller's principal faculty, the faculty he exercises most frequently and with greatest delight. Some authors have wit and imagination in equal quantities, and it is their temperament which determines the question which of the two they shall specially use or cultivate. Thus Butler, of 'Hudibras,' had genuine imagination as well as prodigious wit, and had he been a Puritan instead of a Cavalier, he might have indited noble serious poetry. Browne, again, was of a pensive, although not sombre disposition, and hence his 'Urn-burial' and 'Religio Medici' are grave and imaginative, although not devoid of quaint queer fancies and arabesque devices, which force you to smile. Fuller, on the other hand, was of a sanguine, happy, easy temperament, a jolly Protestant father confessor, and this attracted him to the side of the laughing muse. Yet he abounds in quiet, beautiful touches both of poetry and pathos. Burke had, according to Mr. Rogers, little or no wit, although possessing a boundless profusion of imagery. To this we demur. His description of Lord Chatham's motley cabinet, his picture, in the 'Regicide Peace,' of the French ambassador in London, his description of those 'who are emptied of their natural bowels and stuffed with the blurred sheets of the 'Rights of Man,' his famous comparison of the 'gestation of the rabbit and the elephant,' his reply to the defence put in for Hastings that the Hindoos had erected a temple to him ('He knew something of the Hindoo mythology. They were in the habit of building temples not only to the gods of light and fertility, but to the demons of small-pox and murder, and he, for his part, had no objection that Mr. Hastings should be admitted into such a Pantheon'), these are a few out of a hundred proofs that he possessed that most brilliant species of wit which is impregnated with imagination. But the truth is, that Burke, an earnest if not a sad-hearted man, was led by his excess of zeal to plead the causes in which he was interested in general by serious weapons, by the burning and barbed arrows of invective and imagination rather than by the light-glancing missiles of wit and humor. Jeremy Taylor, with all his wealth of fancy, was restrained from wit partly by the subjects he was led through his clerical profession to treat, and partly from his temperament, which was quietly glad rather than sanguine and

mirthful. Some writers, again, we admit, and as Mr. Rogers repeatedly shows, vibrate between wit and the most melancholy seriousness of thought; the scale of their spirits, as it rises or sinks, either lifts them up to piercing laughter or depresses them to thoughts too deep and sad for tears. It was so with Plato, with Pascal, with Hood, and is so, we suspect, with our author himself. Shakspeare, perhaps alone of writers, while possessing wit and imaginative wisdom to the same prodigious degree, has managed to adjust them to each other, never allowing either the one or the other unduly to preponderate, but uniting them into that consummate whole which has become the admiration, the wonder, and the despair of the world.

Mr. Rogers, alluding to the astonishing illustrative powers of Jeremy Taylor, Burke, and Fuller, says finely, 'Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive *exhibition* of truth to the minds of men.' We quote these sentences not merely as being true, so far as they go (we think the imagination not only *exhibits*, but *tests* and *finds* truth), but because we want afterwards to mark a special inconsistency in regard to them, which he commits in a subsequent paper.

We have long desired to see what we call *ideal geography*, i.e., the map of the earth run over in a poetical and imaginative way, the breath of genius passing over the dry bones of the names of places, and through the link of association between places and events, characters and scenery, causing them to live. Old Fuller gives us, if not a specimen of this, something far more amusing; he gives us a geography of joke, and even from the hallowed scenery of the Holy Land he extracts, in all reverence, matter for inextinguishable merriment. What can be better in their way than the following? 'Gilboa.—The mountain that David cursed, that neither rain nor dew should fall on it; but of late some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted, David not cursing it by a prophetic spirit but in a poetic rapture. Edrei.—The city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabbis have more giant-like lies. Pis-gah.—Where Moses viewed the land; hereabouts the angel buried him, and also *buried the grave*, lest it should occasion idolatry.' And so on he goes over each awful spot, chuckling in harmless and half-conscious glee like a school-boy through a *morning* church-yard, which, were it midnight, he would travel in haste, in terror, and with oft-reverted looks. It is no wish to detract from the dignity and

consecration of these scenes that actuates him ; it is nothing more nor less than his irresistible temperament, the boy-heart beating in his veins, and which is to beat on till death.

Down the halls of history, in like manner, Fuller skips along, laughing as he goes ; and even when he pauses to moralize or to weep, the pause is momentary, and the tear which had contended, during its brief existence with a sly smile, is 'forgot as soon as shed.' His wit is often as withering as it is quaint, although it always performs its annihilating work without asperity, and by a single touch. It is just the tap of the keeper on the shoulder of the escaped lunatic. Hear this on the Jesuits : 'Such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill will—making present payment thereof.' Or this on Machiavel, who had said 'that he who undertakes to write a history must be of no religion ;' 'if so, Machiavel himself was the best qualified of any in his age to write an history.' Of modest women, who nevertheless dress themselves in questionable attire, he says, 'I must confess some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honester for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which notwithstanding has St. Paul for the lading.' His irony, like good imagery, often becomes the short-hand of thought, and is worth a thousand arguments. The bare, bald style of the schoolmen he attributes to design, 'lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide themselves under the *nap* of their words.' Some of our readers are probably smiling as they read this, and remember the DRESS of certain religious priests, not unlike the schoolmen, in our day. After commenting on the old story of St. Dunstan and the Devil, he cries out in a touch of irony seldom surpassed : 'But away with all suspicions and queries. None need to doubt of the truth thereof, finding it on a sign painted in Fleet-street, near Temple Bar.'

In these sparkles of wit and humnur, there is, we notice, not a little consciousness. He says good things, and a quiet chuckle, a gentle *crow*, proclaims his knowledge that they are good. But his *best* things, the fine serious fancies, which at times cross his mind, cross it unconsciously, and drop out like pearls from the lips of a *blind* fairy, who sees not their lustre, and knows not their value. Fuller's deepest wisdom is the wisdom of children, and his finest eloquence is that which seems to cross over their spotless lips, like west winds over half-opened rosebuds,—breathings of the Eternal Spirit, rather than utterances of their own souls. In this respect, and in some others, he much resembled John Bunyan, to whom we wonder Rogers has not compared him. Honest John, we verily believe, thought much more of his rhymes, prefixed to the second part of the 'Pilgrim's



Progress,' and of the little puzzles and jokes he has scattered through the work, than of his divinely artless portraiture of scenery, passions, characters, and incidents, in the course of the wondrous allegory. Mr. Rogers quotes a good many of Fuller's precious prattlings; but Lamb, we think, has selected some still finer, particularly his picture of the fate of John Wickliff's ashes. Similar touches of tender, quaint, profound, and unwitting sublimity, are found nearly as profusely sprinkled as his jests and clenches through his varied works, which are a perfect quarry of sense, wit, truth, pedantry, learning, quiet poetry, ingenuity, and delightful nonsense. Rogers justly remarks, too, that notwithstanding all the rubbish and gossip which are found in Fuller's writings, he means to be truthful always; and that, with all his quaintness and pedantry, his style is purer and more legible than that of almost any writer of his age. It is less swelling and gorgeous than Browne's, but far easier and more idiomatic, less rich but less diffuse than Taylor's, less cumbered with learning than Burton's, and less involved, and less darkened with intermingling and crossing beams of light than that of Milton, whose poetry is written in the purest Grecian manner; whilst his English prose often resembles not Gothic, but Egyptian architecture in its chaotic confusion and misproportioned magnificence.

Mr. Rogers' second paper is on Andrew Marvel, and contains a very interesting account of the life, estimate of the character, and criticism of the writings of this 'Aristides-Butler,' if we may, in the fashion of Mirabeau, coin a combination of words, which seems not inapt to represent the virtues of that great patriot's life, and the wit and biting sarcasm of his manner of writing. He tells the old story of his father crossing the Humber with a female friend, and perishing in the waters; but omits the most striking part of the story, how the old man in leaving the shore, as the sky was scowling into storm, threw his staff back on the beach, and cried out—'Ho for Heaven!' The tradition of this is at least still strong in Hull. Nothing after Marvel's integrity, and his quiet, keen, caustic wit, so astonishes us as the fact, that he never opened his lips in parliament! He was 'No-speech Marvel.' He never got the length of Addison's 'I conceive, I conceive, I conceive.' There are no authentic accounts of even a 'Hear, hear,' issuing from his lips. What an act of self-denial in that of bad measures and bad men! How his heart must sometimes have burned, and his lips quivered, and yet the severe spirit of self-control kept him silent! What a contrast to the infinite babblement of senators in modern days. And yet was not his silence very formidable? Did it not strike the Tories as the figure of the moveless Mordecai at the king's gate struck



the guilty Haman? There, night after night, in front of the despots, sate the silent statue-like figure, bending not to their authority, unmoveable by their threats, not to be melted by their caresses, not to be gained over by their bribes, perhaps with a quiet stern sneer resting as though sculptured upon his lips, and doubtless they trembled more at this dumb defiance, than at the loud-mouthed attacks and execrations of others; the more, as while others were sometimes absent, *he* was always there, a moveless pillar of patriotism, a still libel of truth, for ever glaring on their fascinated and terror-stricken eyes. Can we wonder that they are very generally supposed to have removed him from their sight, in the only way possible in the circumstances, by giving him a premature and poisoned grave?

In his third paper Rogers approaches a mightier and more eloquent, but not a firmer or more sincere spirit than Marvel—Martin Luther. Here he puts forth all his strength, and has, we think, very nobly vindicated both Luther's intellectual and moral character. Hallam (a writer whom Rogers greatly over-estimates, before whom he falls down with 'awful reverence prone,' from whom he ventures to differ with 'a whispered breath and bated humbleness,' which seem, considering his own calibre, very laughable, yet of whose incapacity as a literary critic, and especially as a judge of poetry, he seems to have a stifled suspicion, which comes out in the paper on Fuller, whom Hallam has slighted) has underrated Luther's talents, because forsooth his works are inferior to his reputation. Why, what was Luther's real work? It was the Reformation. What library of Atlas folios—aye, though Shakespere had penned every line in it—could have been compared to the rending of the shroud of the Christian church? As soon accuse an earthquake of not being so melodious in its tones as an organ as demand artistic writings from Luther. His burning of the Pope's bull was, we think, and Mr. Rogers thinks with us, a very respectable review. His journey to Worms was as clever as most books of travel. His marriage with Catherine Bora was not a bad epithalamium. His rendering of the Bible into good German was nearly as great a work as the 'Constitutional History.' Some of those winged words which he uttered against the Pope and for Christ have been called 'half-battles.' He held the pen very well too, but it was only with one of his hundred arms. His *works* were his actions. Every great book is an action; and the converse is also true—every great action is a book. Cromwell, Mr. Rogers says, very justly, cannot be judged by his speeches, nor Alexander. Neither, we add, could Cæsar by his 'Commentaries,' which, excellent as they are, develop only a small portion of the 'foremost man of all this world;' nor could Frederick of Prussia by his French verses;

nor could Nelson by his letters to Lady Hamilton; nor could even Hall, Chalmers and Irving by their orations and discourses. There is a very high, if not the highest order of men, who find literature too small a sheath for the broadsword of their genius. They come down and shrink up when they commence to write; but they make others write for them. Their deeds supply the material of ten thousand historians, novelists, and poets. We find Lord Holland, in his 'Memoirs,' sneering at Lord Nelson's talents, because his writings were careless and poor. Nelson did not pretend to be a writer or an orator; he pretended only to do what he did—to sweep the seas with his cannon, and be the greatest naval commander his country ever produced. Mungo Park and Ledyard were no great authors, but they were what they wished to be, the most heroic of travellers. Danton never published a single page, but he was incomparably a greater man than Camille Desmoulins, who wrote thousands. Would it have added an inch to the colossal stature, or in any measure enhanced the lurid grandeur of Satan, had Milton ascribed to him the invention not of fire-arms but of the printing press, and made him the author of a few hundred satires against Omnipotence? Channing, in his essay on Napoleon, has contributed to the circulation of this error. He gives there a decided preference to literary over other kinds of power. But would even he have compared Brougham or Daniel Webster to Washington? It seems to us that the very highest style of merit is when the powers of actions and authorship are combined in nearly equal proportions. They were so in Milton, who was as good a school-master and secretary as he was an author. They were so in Bacon, who was an able if not a just chancellor and statesman, as well as the first of modern philosophers. Notwithstanding Mr. Rogers, they were so, we think, in Napoleon, whose bulletins and speeches, though often in false taste, were often as brilliant as his battles. They were so in Burke, who was a first-rate business man and a good farmer, as well as a great orator, statesman, and writer. They were so in poor Burns, who used the plough as well as he used the pen. And they were so in Scott, who was an excellent Clerk of Session and capital agriculturist and landlord, besides being the first of all fictionists, except Cervantes, who, by the way, fought bravely at Lepanto as well as wrote Don Quixote. Even in Luther's case, Mr. Hallam is proved by Rogers to be sufficiently harsh in his judgment. Luther's productions, occasional as most of them, and hastily written, as all of them were, are not the mediocre trash which Hallam insinuates them to be. If tried by the standard of that species of literature to which they all in reality belong they will not be found wanting. They are all letters, the shorter or longer epistles of a man

greatly engrossed during his days, and who at evening dashes off his careless, multifarious, but characteristic correspondence. Mark, too, everything he wrote was sent, and sent instantly to the press. Who would like this done in his own case? What divine writing each week his two sermons would care about seeing them regularly printed the next day, and dispersed over all the country? Who, unless he were a man of gigantic genius and fame, would not be sunk under such a process, and run to utter seed? The fact that Luther did publish so much, and did nevertheless retain his reputation, proves, that although much which he wrote must have been unworthy of his genius, yet, as a whole, his writings were characteristic of his powers, and contributed to the working out of his purpose. They were addressed, Mr. Rogers justly says, chiefly to the people, and many of his strangest and strongest expressions were uttered on plan. His motto, like Danton's, was, 'to dare—and to dare, and to dare.' He felt that a timid reformer, like a timid revolutionist, is lost, and that a lofty tone, whether in bad or good taste was essential to the success of his cause. Even as they are, his writings contain much 'lion's marrow,' stern truth, expressed in easy, homespun language, savage invective, richly deserved, and much of that noble scorn with which a brave honest man is ever fond of blowing away, as through snorting nostrils, those sophistries, evasions, and meannesses in controversy which are beneath argument, baffle logical exposure, and which can only be reached by contempt. Add to all this the traditionary reputation of his eloquence, and those burning coals from that great conflagration which have come down to us uncooled. For our parts we had rather possess the renown of uttering some of these than have written all Chillingworth's and Barrow's controversial works. Think of that sentence which he pronounced over the bull as he burned it, surely one of the most sublime and terrible that ever came from human lips:—'As thou hast troubled and put to shame the Holy One of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed in eternal fires of Hell;' or that at Worms—'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise: God help me.' Such sentences soar above all the reaches of rhetoric, of oratory, even of poetry, and rank in grandeur with the great naked abstractions of eternal truth. They thrill not the taste, nor the passions, nor the fancy, but the soul itself. And yet they were common on the lips of Luther, the lion-hearted—the

'solitary monk that shook the world.'

Mr. Rogers, besides, culls several passages from his familiar epistles, which attain to lofty eloquence, and verge on the finest prose poetry. His occasional grossness, truculence, and personality, are



undeniable; but they were partly the faults of his age, and sprung partly from the vehemence of his temperament, and the uncertainty of his position. He was during a large section of his life *at bay*, and if he had not employed every weapon in his power, his teeth, his horns and his hoofs, to defend himself, he had inevitably perished. We have not time to follow further Rogers's defence of Luther; suffice it to say, that he does full justice to Luther's honesty of purpose, his deep religious convictions, and his general wisdom and prudence of conduct. His errors were all of the blood and bodily temperament, and none of the spirit. Cajetan called him 'a beast with deep-set eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head.' If so, he was a noble savage—a king of beasts, and his roar roused Europe from its lethargy, dissolved the dark spell of spiritual slavery, and gave even to them all the vitality it has since exhibited. He resembled no class of men more than some of the ancient prophets of Israel. He was no Christian father of the first centuries, sitting cobwebbed among books—no evangelist even of the days of the apostles, going forth meek and sandalled with an olive-branch in his hand—he reminds us rather, in all but austerity and abstinence, of the terrible Tishbite conflicting with Baal's prophets on Carmel, and fighting with fire the cause of that God who answereth by fire from heaven. But, unlike him, Luther came eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and has been reproached accordingly.

Mr. Rogers' next paper is on Leibnitz, whom he justly ranks with the most wonderful men of any age—and who, in that variety of faculty—that plethora of power—that all-sidedness which distinguished him—resembled a monster rather than a man. A sleepless soul, who often, for weeks together, contented himself with a few hours' slumber in his arm chair, without ever discomposing his couch! A lonely spirit—with no tender family ties—but entirely devoted to inquiry and investigation, as though he had been one vast separated eye, for ever prying into the universe! A wide eclectic catholic mind, intermeddling with all knowledge, and seeking, if possible, to bind mathematics, metaphysics, poetry, philology, all arts and sciences, into the unity of a coronet around his own brow! A soul of prodigious power, as well as of ideal width; the inventor of a new and potent calculus—the father of geology—the originator of a new form of history, which others have since been seeking to fill up—and the author of a heroic, if not successful, effort to grapple with the question of questions—the problem of all ages—'Whence evil, and why permitted in God's world?' A genius for whom earth seemed too narrow a sphere, and three score and ten years too short a period, so much had he done ere death, and so much



did there seem remaining for him to do—in truth, worthy of an antediluvian life, and in many of his thoughts before all ages ! A mind swarming more than even that of Coleridge—with seed—thoughts, the germs of entire encyclopædias in the future ; and, if destitute of his magical power of poetic communication, possessed more originality, and more practical energy. A man who read everything and forgot nothing—a living dictionary of all the knowledge which had been accumulated by man—and a living prophecy of all that was yet to be acquired—a universal preface to a universal volume—‘a gigantic genius born to grapple with whole libraries.’ Such is Leibnitz known by all scholars to have been. His two positive achievements, however, the two pillars on which he leans his Samson-like strength, are the differential ‘Calculus’ and the ‘Theodicee.’ Mr. Rogers’ remarks on both these are extremely good. In the vexed question as to the origination of the Calculus, between Leibnitz and Newton, he seems perfectly impartial ; and while eagerly maintaining Newton’s originality, he defends Leibnitz with no less strength, from the charge of surreptitious plagiarism from Newton. Both were too rich to require to steal from one another. In ‘Theodicee’ Leibnitz undertook the most daring task ever undertaken by thinker, that of explaining the origin of evil by demonstrating its necessity. That he failed in this, Voltaire has proved, after his manner, in ‘Candide,’ the wittiest and wickedest of his works, and Rogers, in a very different spirit and style, has demonstrated here. Indeed, the inevitable eye of common-sense sees at a glance that a notion of this earth being the best of all possible worlds is absurd and blasphemous. This system of things falls far below man’s ideal, and how can it come up to God’s ? The shadows resting upon its past and present aspect are so deep, numerous, and terrible, that nothing hitherto but—1st, simple, child-like faith ; but 2ndly the prospect of a better time at hand ; and 3rdly, the discoveries of Jesus Christ, can convince us that they do not spring either from malignity of intention or weakness of power. The time has not yet come for a true solution of this surpassing problem ; which, moreover, though it were given, would not probably find the world ripe for receiving it. We are inclined, in opposition to Mr. Rogers, to suppose that it shall yet be solved ; but to look for its solution in a very different direction from the ground taken, whether by Leibnitz, by Bailey of ‘Festus,’ or by the hundred other speculators upon the mysterious theme. Meanwhile, we may, we think, rest firmly upon these convictions—first, that evil exists is a reality, not a negation or a sham ; secondly, that it is not God’s ; and that, thirdly, it shall yet cease, on earth at least, to be man’s. All attempts to go further than this have failed ; and failed, we

think, from a desire to find a *harmony* and a *unity* where no such things are possible or conceivable.

One is tempted to draw a kind of Plutarchian parallel between Leibnitz and Newton—so illustrious in their respective spheres—and whose contest with one another in their courses forms such a painful, yet instructive, incident in the history of science. Newton was more the man of patient plodding industry; Leibnitz the man of restless genius. Newton's devotion was limited to science and theology; Leibnitz pushed his impetuous way into every department of science, philosophy, and theology; and left traces of his power even in those regions he was not able fully to subdue. Newton studied principally the laws of matter; Leibnitz was ambitious to know these chiefly that he might reconcile, if not identify them with the laws of mind. Newton was a theorist—but the most practical of theorists. Leibnitz was the most theoretical of practical thinkers. Newton was the least empirical of all philosophers; Leibnitz one of the most so. Newton shunned all speculation and conjecture which were not forced upon him; Leibnitz revelled in these at all times and on all subjects. Newton was rather timid than otherwise, he groped his way like a blind Atlas while stepping from world to world; Leibnitz *saw* it as he sailed along in supreme dominion on the wings of his intellectual imagination. Newton was a deeply humble—Leibnitz a dauntless and daring thinker. Newton *did* his full measure of work, and suggested little more that *he* was likely to do; Leibnitz, to the very close of his life, teemed with promise; the one was a finished, the other a fragmentary production of larger size. The one was a rounded planet, with its corner-stones all complete, and its mechanisms all moving smoothly and harmoniously forward; the other, a star in its nebulous mist, and with all its vast possibilities before it. Newton was awe-struck, by the great and dreadful sea of suns in which he swam, into a mute worshipper of the Maker; Leibnitz sought rather to be his eloquent advocate—

‘To assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.’

To Pascal, Mr. Rogers proceeds with a peculiar intensity of fellow-feeling. He has himself, sometimes, been compared to Pascal, both in the mirthful and the pensive attributes of his genius. Certainly, his sympathies with him are more thorough and brotherly than with any other of his poetico-metaphysico-theosophical heroes. He that loves most, it has often been said, understands best. And this paper of Rogers sounds the very soul of Pascal. Indeed that presents fewer difficulties than you might at first suppose. Pascal, with his almost superhuman genius, was the least subtle, and most transparent of men. In wisdom almost an

angel, he was in simplicity a child. His single-mindedness was only inferior to, nay, seemed a part of, his sublimity. He was from the beginning, and continued to the end, an inspired infant. A certain dash of charlatanerie distinguishes Leibnitz, as it does all those monsters of power. The very fact that they can do so much tempts them to pretend to do, and to be what they cannot, and are not. Possessed of vast knowledge, they affect the airs of omniscience. Thus Leibnitz, in the universal language he sought to construct in his 'swift-going carriages,' in his 'Pre-established Harmony,' and in his 'Monads,' seems seeking to *stand behind* the Almighty, to overlook, direct, or anticipate him at his work. Pascal was not a monster; he was a man—nay, a child; although a man of profoundest sagacity, and a child of transcendent genius. Children feel far more than men the mysteries of being, although the gaiety and light-heartedness of their period of life prevent the feeling from oppressing their souls. Who can answer the questions, or resolve the doubts of infancy? We remember a dear child, who was taken away to Abraham's bosom at nine years of age, saying that her two grand difficulties were, 'Who made God, and how did sin come into the world?' These, an uncaused cause, and an originated evil, are the great difficulties of all thinking men, on whom they press more or less hardly in proportion to their calibre and temperament. Pascal, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us all by the phenomena of man and the universe. He felt them, at once, with all the freshness of infancy and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He had in vain tried to solve them. He had asked these dreadful questions at all sciences and philosophies, and got no reply. He had carried them up to heights of speculation, where angels bashful look, and down into depths of reflection such as few minds but his own have ever sounded, and all was dumb. Height and depth had said, 'Not in us.' The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by it. He said, '*The eternal silence of these infinite spaces affrights me.*' He had turned for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to man, and had found in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair; he seemed a puzzle so perplexed, a chaos so disorderly. He was thus rapidly approaching the gulph of universal scepticism, and was about to drop in like a child over a precipice, when hark! he heard a voice behind him; and turning round, saw Christianity like a mother following her son to seek and to save him from the catastrophe. Her beauty, her mildness of deportment, her strange, yet regal aspect, and the gentleness of those accents of



an unknown land, which drop like honey from her lips, convince him that she is divine, and that she is his mother, even before he has heard or understood her message. He loves and believes her before he knows that she is worthy of all credence and all love. And when, afterwards, he learns in some measure to understand her far foreign speech, he perceives her still more certainly to be a messenger from heaven. She does not, indeed, remove all his perplexities; she allows the deep shadows to rest still on the edge of the horizon, and the precipices to yawn on in the distance; but she creates a little space of intense clearness around her child, and she bridges the far off gloom with the rainbow of hope. She does not completely satisfy, but she soothes his mind, saying to him as he kneels before her, and as she blesses her noble son, 'Remain on him, ye rainbowed clouds, ye gilded doubts, by your pressure purify him still more, and prepare him for higher work, deeper thought, and clearer revelation; teach him the littleness of man and the greatness of God, the insignificance of man's life on earth and the grandeur of his future destiny, and impress him with this word of the Book above all its words, "That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt hereafter *know*, if thou wilt humble thyself and become as a little child."' Thus we express in parable the healthier portion of Pascal's history. That latterly the clouds returned after the rain, that the wide rainbow faded into a dim segment, and that his mother's face shone on him through a haze of uncertainty and tears seems certain; but this we are disposed to account for greatly from physical causes. By studying too hard and neglecting his bodily constitution he became morbid to a degree, which amounted, we think, to semi-mania. In this sad state the more melancholy, because attended by the full possession of his intellectual powers, his most dismal doubts came back at times, his most cherished convictions shook as with palsy, the craving originally created by his mathematical studies for demonstrative evidence on all subjects, became diseasedly strong, and nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless scepticism. Indeed his great unfinished work on the evidences of Christianity, seems to have been intended to convince himself quite as much as to convince others. But he has long ago passed out of this mysterious world; and now, we trust, sees 'light in God's light clearly.' If his doubts were of an order so large and deep, that they did not 'go out even to prayer and fasting,' he was honest in them; they did not spring either from selfishness of life or pride of intellect; and along with some of the child's doubts, the child's heart remained in him to the last.

His 'Thoughts'—what can be said adequately of those mag-



nificent fragments? They are rather subjects *for* thoughts than for words. They remind us of aërolites, the floating fractions of a glorious world. Some of them, to use an expression, applied to Johnson's sayings, 'have been rolled and polished in his great mind like pebbles in the ocean.' He has wrought them, and finished them as carefully as if each thought were a book. Others of them are slighter in thinking, and more careless in style. But as a whole, the collection forms one of the profoundest and most living of works. The 'Thoughts' are seed-pearl, and on some of them volumes might be, and have been, written. We specially admire those which reflect the stedfast but gentle gloom of the author's habit of mind, the long tender twilight, not without its stars and gleams of coming day, which shadowed his genius, and softened always his grandeur into pathos. He is very far from being a splenetic or misanthropic spirit. Nothing personal is ever allowed either to shade or to brighten the tissue of his meditations. He stands a passionless spirit, as though he were disembodied, and had forgot his own name and identity, on the shore which divides the world of man from the immensity of God, and he pauses and ponders, wonders and worships there. He sees the vanity and weakness of all attempts which have hitherto been made to explain the difficulties and reconcile the contradictions of our present system. Yet without any evidence—for all quasi-evidence melts in a moment before his searching eye into nothing—he believes it to be a whole, and connected with one infinite mind; and this springs in him, not as Cousin pretends, from a determination blindly to believe, but from a whisper in his own soul, which tells him warmly to love. He believes the universe to be from God, because his soul, which he knows is from God, loves, although without understanding it. But it is not after all the matter in the universe which he regards with affection, it is the God who is passing through it, and lending it the glory of his presence. Mere matter he tramples on and despises. It is just so much brute light and heat. He does not, and cannot believe that the throne of God and of the Lamb is made of the same materials, only a little sublimated, as yonder dunghill or the crest of yonder serpent. He is an intense spiritualist. He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous Something sweltering out suns in its progress. 'Thou mayst do thy pleasure on me, thou mayst crush me, but I will *know* that thou art crushing me, whilst thou shalt crush blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat. Thou shouldst not be conscious of the victory.' Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninstinctive matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life,

or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's second voice—

‘A little whisper breathing low,  
I may not speak of what I know.’

He *felt*, without being able to *prove*, that God was in this place.

Pascal's result of thought was very much the same as John Foster's, although the process by which he reached it was different. Pascal had turned—so to speak—the tub of matter upside down and found it empty. Foster had simply touched its sides and heard the ring which proclaimed that there was nothing within. The one reached at once and by intuition what was to the other the terminus of a thousand lengthened intellectual researches. Both had lost all hope in scientific discoveries and metaphysical speculations, as likely to bring us a step nearer to the Father of Spirits, and were cast, therefore, as the orphans of Nature, upon the mercies and blessed discoveries of the Divine Word. Both, however, felt that *THAT* too has only very partially revealed Truth, that the Bible itself is a ‘glass in which we see darkly,’ and that the key of the Mysteries of Man and the Universe is in the keeping of Death. Both, particularly Foster, expected too much, as it appears to us, from the *instant* transition of the soul from this to another world. Both clothed their gloomy thoughts, thoughts ‘charged with a thunder’ which was never fully evolved in the highest eloquence which pensive thought can produce when wedded to poetry. But while Pascal's eloquence is of a grave, severe, monumental cast, Foster's is expressed in richer imagery, and is edged by a border of fiercer sarcasm, for although the author of the ‘Thoughts’ was the author of the ‘Provincial Letters,’ and had wit and sarcasm at will, they are generally free from bitterness, and are rarely allowed to intermingle with his serious meditations. (In these remarks we refer to Foster's posthumous journal rather than to his essays.) Both felt that Christianity was yet in bud, and looked forward with fond yet trembling anticipation to the coming of a ‘new and most mighty dispensation,’ when it shall, under a warmer and nearer sun, expand into a tree, the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations, and the shade of which shall be heaven begun on earth. We must say that we look on the religion of such men, clinging each to his plank amid the weltering wilderness of waves, and looking up for the coming of the day—a religion so deep-rooted, so sad, as regards the past and present, so sanguine in reference to the future, so doubtful of man and human means, so firm in its trust on divine power and promise, with far more interest and sympathy than on that commonplace, bustling, Christianity

which abounds with its stereotyped arguments, its cherished bigotry and narrowness, its shallow and silly gladness, its Goody Twoshoes benevolence, its belief in well-oiled machineries, Exeter Hall cheers, the power of money, and the voice of multitudes. True religion implies struggle, doubt, sorrow, and these are indeed the main constituents of its grandeur. It is just the sigh of a true and holy heart for a better and brighter sphere. In the case of Pascal and Foster this sigh becomes audible to the whole earth, and is re-echoed through all future ages.

It was during the brief sunshine hour of his life that Pascal wrote his 'Provincial Letters.' On these Rogers dilates with much liveliness and power. He can meet his author at all points, and is equally at home when taking a brisk morning walk with him along a breezy summit, the echoes repeating their shouts of joyous laughter; and when pacing at midnight the shades of a gloomy forest discoloured by a waning moon, which seems listening to catch their whispers as they talk of death, evil, and eternity. The 'Provincial Letters' are, on the whole, the most brilliant collection of controversial letters extant. They have not the rounded finish, the concentration, the red hot touches of sarcasm and the brief and occasional bursts of invective darkening into sublimity which distinguish the letters of Junius. Nor have they the profound *asides* of reflection, or the impatient power of passion, or the masses of poetical imagery to be found in Burke's 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' and 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' but they excel these and all epistolary writings in dexterity of argument, in power of irony, in light, hurrying, scorching satire, a 'fire running along the ground,' in grace of motion and in Attic salt and Attic elegance of style. He has held up his enemies to immortal scorn, and painted them in the most contemptible and ludicrous attitudes on a Grecian urn. He has preserved those wasps and flies in the richest amber. Has he not honoured too much those wretched sophisters by destroying them with the golden shafts of Apollo? Had not the broad hoof of Pan or the club of Hercules been a more appropriate weapon for crushing and mangling them into mire? But had he employed coarser weapons, although equally effective in destroying his enemies, he had gained less glory for himself. As it is, he has founded one of his best claims to immortality upon the slaughter of these despicabilities, like the knights of old who won their laurels in clearing the forests from wild swine and similar brutes. And, be it remembered, that though the Jesuits individually were for the most part contemptible, their system was a very formidable one, and required the whole strength of a master hand to expose it.



We close this short notice of Pascal with rather melancholy emotions. A man so gifted in the prodigality of heaven, and so short lived (just thirty-nine at his death), a man so pure and good, and in the end of his days so miserable ! A sun so bright, and that set amid such heavy clouds ! A genius so strong and so well-furnished, and yet the slave in many things of a despicable superstition ! One qualified above his fellows to have extended the boundaries of human thought, and to have led the world on in wisdom and goodness, and yet who did so little, and died believing that nothing was worth being done ! One of the greatest scholars and finest writers in the world, and yet despising fame, and at last loathing all literature except the Lamb's Book of Life ! Able to pass from the Dan to the Beersheba of universal knowledge, and forced to exclaim at the end of the journey, ' All is barren ! ' Was he in this mad or wise—right or wrong ? We think the truth lies between. He was right and wise in thinking that man can do little at the most, know little at the clearest, and must be imperfect at the best ; but he was wrong and mad in not attempting to know, to do, and to be the little within his own power, as well as in not urging his fellow men to know, be, and do the less within theirs. Like the waggoner in fable, and Foster in reality, while calling on Hercules to come down from the cloud, he neglected to set his shoulder to the wheel. He should have done both, and thus if he had not expedited the grand purpose of progress so much as he wished, he would at least have delivered his own soul, secured a deeper peace in his heart, and in working more would have suffered less. While Prometheus *was* chained to his rock, Pascal, voluntarily chained himself to his by the chain of an iron-spiked girdle, and there mused sublime musings and uttered melodious groans till merciful Death released him. He was one of the very few Frenchmen who have combined imagination and reverence with fancy, intellect, and wit.

In his next paper, Mr. Rogers approaches another noble and congenial theme—Plato and his master, Socrates. It is a Greek meeting a Greek, and the tug of war, of course, comes—a generous competition of kindred genius. We have read scores of critiques—by Landor, by Shelley, by Bulwer, by Sir Daniel Sandford, by Emerson, and others, on these redoubted heroes of the Grecian philosophy ; but we forget if any of them excel this of our author in clearness of statement, discrimination, sympathy with the period, and appreciation of the merits of the two magnificent men. Old Socrates, with his ugly face, his snub nose, his strong head for standing liquor, his restless habits, his subtle irony, the inimitable dialogue on which he made his enemies to slide down as on a mountain-side of ice, from the



heights of self-consequent security to the depths of defeat and exposure; his sublime common-sense, his subtle, yet homely dialectics, opening up mines of gold by the wayside, and getting the gods to sit on the roof of the house; his keen raillery, his power of sophisticating sophists, and his profound knowledge of his own nescience, is admirably daguerreotyped. With equal power, the touches lent to him by the genius of his disciple are discriminated from the native traits. Plato, to say the least of it, has *coloured* the photograph of Socrates with the tints of his own fine and fiery imagination; or he has acted as a painter, when he puts a favourite picture in the softest and richest light; or as a poet when he visits a beautiful scene by moonlight; or as a lover when he gently lifts up the image of his mistress across the line which separated it from perfection. We often hear of people *throwing* themselves into such and such a subject; there is another and a rarer process—that of *adding* oneself to such and such a character. You see a person, who, added to yourself, would make, you think, a glorious being, and you proceed to idealize accordingly; you stand on his head, and outtower the tallest; you club your brains with his, and are wiser than the wisest; you add the heat of your heart to his, and produce a very furnace of love. Thus Solomon might have written David's romantic history, and given the latter in addition to his courage, sincerity, and lyric genius, his own voluptuous fancy and profound acquirements. All biographers, indeed, possessed of any strong individuality themselves, act very much in this way when narrating the lives of kindred spirits. And, certainly, it was thus that Plato dealt with Socrates. The Platonic Socrates is a splendid composite, including the sagacity, strength, theological acumen, and grand modesty, as of the statue of a kneeling god, which distinguished the master; and the philosophic subtlety, the high imagination, the flowing diction, and the exquisite refinement of the disciple. Yet, even Socrates in the picture of Plato is not for a moment to be compared to the Carpenter of Nazareth as represented by his biographer, John, the Fisherman of Galilee. We shall quote, by and bye, the fine passage in which Mr. Rogers draws the comparison between the two.

To Plato as a thinker and writer ample justice is done. Perhaps too little is said against that slipslop which in his writings so often mingles with the sublimity. They are often, verily, strange symposia which he describes—a kind of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, swarming here with bacchanalian babblement and there with sentences and sayings which might have been washed down with nectar. They are intensely typical of the ancient Grecian mind, of its heights and its depths, its unnatural vices and its

lofty ideals of art. In their conception of beauty the Greeks approximated the ideal, but their views of God and of man were exceedingly imperfect. Hence their disgusting vices; hence their sacrifice of everything to the purposes of art; hence the sensuality of their genius when compared to that of the Gothic nations; hence the resistance offered by their philosophers to Christianity, which appeared to them 'foolishness;' hence Platonism, the highest effort of their philosophy, seems less indigenous to Greece than Aristotelianism, and resembles an exotic transplanted from Egypt or Palestine. Except in Plato and Æschylus, there is little approach in the productions of the Greek genius to moral sublimity or to a true religious feeling. Among the prose writers of Greece, Aristotle and Demosthenes more truly reflected the character of the national mind than Plato. They were exceedingly ingenious and artistic, the one in his criticism and the other in his oratory, but neither was capable of the lowest flights of Plato's magnificent prose-poetry. Aristotle was, as Macaulay calls him, the 'acutest of human beings;' but it was a cold, needle-eyed acuteness. As a critic his great merit lay in deducing the principles of the epic from the perfect example set by Homer, like a theologian forming a perfect system of morality from the life of Christ; but this, though a useful process, and one requiring much talent, is not of the highest order even of intellectual achievements, and has nothing at all of the creative in it. It is but the work of an index-maker on a somewhat larger scale. Demosthenes, Mr. Rogers, with Lord Brougham and most other critics, vastly overrates. His speeches as delivered by himself must have been overwhelming in their immediate effect, but really constitute, when read, morsels as dry and sapless as we ever tried to swallow. They are destitute of that 'action, action, action,' on which he laid so much stress, and having lost it, they have lost all. They have a good deal of clear pithy statement and some striking questions and apostrophes, but have no imagery, no depth of thought, no grasp, no grandeur, no genius. Lord Brougham's speeches have been called 'law-papers on fire:' the speeches of Demosthenes are law-papers with much less fire. To get at their merit we must apply the well-known rule of Charles James Fox. He used to ask if such and such a speech read well; 'if it did, it was a bad speech, if it did not, it was probably good.' On this principle the orations of Demosthenes must be the best in the world, since they are about the dullest reading in it.

Far otherwise with the golden sentences of Plato. Dry argument, half hot with passion, is all Demosthenes can furnish. Plato

'Has gifts in their most splendid variety and most harmonious com-

binations; rich alike in powers of invention and acquisition; equally massive and light; vigorous and muscular, yet pliable and versatile; master at once of thought and expression, in which originality and subtlety of intellect are surrounded by all the ministering aids of imagination, wit, humour, and eloquence, and the structure of his mind resembles some master-piece of classic architecture, in which the marble columns rise from their deep foundation exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surmounted with elaborate and ornamented capitals, and supporting an entablature inscribed with all forms of the beautiful.

'Plato's style,' Mr. Rogers proceeds, 'is unrivalled: he wielded at will all the resources of the most copious, flexible, and varied instrument of thought through which the mind of man has ever yet breathed the music of eloquence. Not less severely simple and refined when he pleases than Pascal, between whom and Plato many resemblances existed, as in beauty of intellect, in the delicacy of their wit, in aptitude for abstract science, and in moral wisdom; the Grecian philosopher is capable of assuming every mood of thought, and of adopting the tone, imagery, and diction appropriate to each. Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful; but with a far more absolute command over all the varieties of manner and style. He could pass, by the most easy and rapid transitions, from the majestic eloquence which made the Greeks say that if Jupiter had spoken the language of mortals he would have spoken in that of Plato, to that homely style of illustration and those highly idiomatic modes of expression which mark the colloquial manner of his Socrates, and which, as Alcibiades in his eulogium observes, might induce a stranger to say that the talk of the sage was all about shoemakers and tailors, carpenters and braziers.'—p. 334.

We promised to quote also his closing paragraph. Here it is, worthy in every respect of the author of the 'Eclipse of Faith,' and equal to its best passages:—

'We certainly hold the entire dramatic projection and representation of Socrates in the pages of Plato to be one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind. In studying him it is impossible that his character as a teacher of ethics and his life-like mode of representation should not suggest to us *another character* yet more wonderfully depicted, and by the same most difficult of all methods—that of dramatic evolution by discourse and action; of one who taught a still purer, sublimer, and more consistent ethics, pervaded by a more intense spirit of humanity, of one whose love for our race was infinitely deeper and more tender, who stands perfectly free from those foibles which history attributes to the real Socrates, and from that too Protean facility of manners which, though designed by Plato as a compliment to the philosophic flexibility of *his* character of Socrates, really so far assimilated him with mere vulgar humanity; of one, too, whose sublime and original character is not only exhibited with the most wonderful dramatic skill, but in a style as unique as the character it embodies—a style of simple majesty, which, unlike that of Plato, is capable of being readily translated into every language under heaven; of one whose life



was the embodiment of that virtue which Plato affirmed would entrance all hearts if seen, and whose death throws the prison-scenes of the 'Phædo' utterly into the shade; of one, lastly, whose picture has arrested the admiring gaze of many who have believed it to be only a picture. Now, if we feel that the portraiture of Socrates in the pages of Plato involved the very highest exercise of the highest dramatic genius, and that the cause was no more than commensurate with the effect, it is a question which may well occupy the attention of a *philosopher* how it came to pass that in one of the obscurest periods of the history of an obscure people, in the dregs of their literature and the lowest depths of superstitious dotage, so sublime a conception should have been so sublimely exhibited; how it was that the noblest truths found an oracle in the lips of the grossest ignorance, and the maxims of universal charity advocates in the hearts of the most selfish of narrow-minded bigots; in a word, who could be the more than Plato (or rather the many each more than Plato), who drew that radiant portrait, of which it may be truly said "that a far greater than Socrates is here?"—pp. 366, 377.

Passing over a very ingenious paper on the 'Structure of the English Language' we come to one on the 'British Pulpit,' some of the statements in which are weighty and powerful, but some of which we are compelled to controvert. Mr. Rogers begins by deploring the want of eloquence and of effect in the modern pulpit. There is undoubtedly too much reason for this complaint, although we think that in the present day it is not so much eloquence that men *desiderate* in preaching as real instruction, living energy, and wide variety of thought and illustration. Mr. Rogers says very little about the *substance* of sermons, and in what he does say seems to incline to that principle of strait-lacing which we thought had been nearly exploded. No doubt every preacher should preach the main doctrines of the Gospel, but if he confine himself exclusively to these, he will limit his own sphere of power and influence. Why should he not preach the great general moralities as well? Why should he not tell, upon occasion, great political, metaphysical, and literary truths to his people, turning them, as they are so susceptible of being turned, to religious account? It will not do to tell us that preachers must follow the Apostles in every respect. Christ alone was a perfect model, and how easy and diversified his discourses! He had seldom any *text*. He spake of subjects as diverse from each other as are the deserts of Galilee from the streets of Jerusalem; the summit of Tabor from the tower of Siloam; the cedar of Lebanon from the hyssop springing out of the wall. He touched the political affairs of Judea, the passing incidents of the day, the transient controversies and heart-burnings of the Jewish sects, with a finger as firm and as luminous as he did the principles of morality and of religion. Hence, in part, the superiority and the success of his teaching. It was a wide and yet not an indefinite and baseless thing. It

swept the circumference of Nature and of man, and then radiated on the cross as on a centre. It gathered an immense procession of things, thoughts, and feelings, and led them through Jerusalem and along the foot of Calvary. It bent all beings and subjects into its grand purpose, transfiguring them as they stooped before it. It was this catholic *eclectic* feature in Christ's teaching which, while it made many cry out, 'Never man spake like this man,' has created also some certain misconceptions of its character. Many think that he was at bottom nothing more than a Pantheistic poet, because he shed on all objects, on the lilies of the valley, the salt of the sea, the thorns of the wilderness, the trees of the field, the rocks of the mountain, and the sands of the sea shore, that strange and glorious light which he brought with him to earth and poured around him as from the wide wings of an angel, as from the all-beautifying beams of dawn.

We think that if Christ's teaching be taken as the test and pattern, Mr. Rogers limits the range of preaching too much when he says its principal characteristics should be 'practical reasoning and strong emotion.' Preaching is not a mere hortatory matter. Sermons are the better of applications, but they should not be *all* application. Ministers should remember to address mankind and their audiences as a whole, and should seek here to instruct their judgments and there to charm their imagination; here to allure and there to alarm; here to calm and there to arouse; here to reason away their doubts and prejudices and there to awaken their emotions. Mr. Rogers disapproves of discussing first principles in the pulpit, and says, that 'the Atheist and Deist are rarely found in Christian congregations.' We wish we could believe this. If there are no avowed Atheists or Deists in our churches, there are, we fear, many whose minds are grievously unsettled and at sea on such subjects, and shall they be altogether neglected in the daily ministrations? Of what use to speak to them of justification by faith who think there is nothing to be believed, or of the *New Birth* who do not believe in the *Old*, but deem themselves fatherless children in a forsaken world. We think him decidedly too severe also in his condemnation of the use of scientific and literary language in the pulpit. Pedantry, indeed, and darkening counsel by technical language, we abhor, but elegant and scholarly diction may be combined with simplicity and clearness, and has a tendency to elevate the minds and refine the tastes of those who listen to it. It is of very little use coming down, as it is called, to men's level; now-a-days, if you do so, you will get nothing but contempt for your pains—you cannot, indeed, be too intelligible, but you may be so while using the loftiest imagery and language. Chalmers never 'came down to men's

level,' and yet his discourses were understood and felt by the humblest of his audience, when by the energy of his genius and the power of his sympathies he lifted them *up to his*.

Mr. Rogers thinks that all preachers aspiring to power and usefulness will 'abhor the ornate and the florid,' and yet it is remarkable that the most powerful and the most useful, too, of preachers have been the most ornate and florid. Who more ornate than Isaiah? Who spoke more in figures and parables than Jesus? Chrysostom, of the 'golden mouth,' belonged to the same school. South sneers at Jeremy Taylor, and Rogers very unworthily re-echoes the sneer; but what comparison between South the sneerer and Taylor the sneered at, in genius or in genuine power and popularity? To how many a cultivated mind has Jeremy Taylor made religion attractive and dear, which had hated and despised it before? Who more florid than Isaac Taylor, and what writer of this century has done more to recommend Christianity to certain classes of the community? He, to be sure, is no preacher, but who have been or are the most popular and most powerful preachers of the age? Chalmers, Irving, Melville, Hall; and amid their many diversities in point of intellect, opinion, and style, they agree in this, that they all abound in figurative language and poetical imagery. And if John Foster failed in preaching, it was certainly not from want of imagination, which formed, indeed, the staple of all his best discourses. Mr. Rogers, to be sure, permits a 'moderate use of the imagination;' but, strange to say, it is the men who have made a *large* and *lavish* use of it in preaching who have most triumphantly succeeded. Of course they have all made their imagination subservient to a high purpose; but we demur to his statement that no preacher will ever employ his imagination merely to delight us. He will not indeed become constantly the minister of delight; but he will and must occasionally, in gratifying himself with his own fine fancies, give an innocent and intense gratification to others, and having thus delighted his audience, mere gratitude on their part will prepare them for listening with more attention and interest to his solemn appeals at the close. He says that the splendid description in the 'Antiquary' of a sun-set would be altogether out of place in the narrative by a naval historian of two fleets separated on the eve of engagement by a storm, or in any serious narrative or speech, forgetting that the 'Antiquary' professes to be a serious narrative, and that Burke, in his speeches and essays, has often interposed in critical points of narration descriptions quite as long and as magnificent, which, nevertheless, so far from exciting laughter, produce the profoundest impression, blending, as they do, the energies and effects of fiction and poetry with those of prose and fact.



That severely simple and *agonistic* style, which Mr. Rogers recommends so strongly, has been seldom practised in Britain, except in the case of Baxter, with transcendent effect. At all events, the *writings* of those who have followed it, have not had a tithe of the influence which more genial and fanciful authors have exerted. For one who reads South, ten thousand revel in Jeremy Taylor. Howe, a very imaginative and rather diffuse writer, has supplanted Baxter in general estimation. In Scotland, while the dry sermons of Ebenezer Erskine are neglected, the lively and fanciful writings of his brother Ralph have still a considerable share of popularity. The works of Chalmers and Cumming, destined as both are in due time to oblivion, are preserved in their present life, by what in the first is real, and in the second a semblance of imagination. Of the admirable writings of Dr. Harris and of the two Hamiltons we need not speak. Latimer, South, and Baxter, whom Rogers ranks so highly, are not *classics*. Even Jonathan Edwards and Butler, with all their colossal talent, are now little read, on account of their want of imagination. The same vital deficiency has doomed the sermons of Tillotson, Atterbury, Sherlock, and Clarke. Indeed, in order to refute Mr. Rogers, we have only to recur to his own words, quoted above—‘This faculty, fancy namely, is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men.’ It follows that since the great object of preaching is to exhibit truth to the minds of men, that fancy is the faculty most needful to the preacher, and that the want of it is the most fatal of deficiencies. In fact, although a few preachers have, through the agonistic methods, by pure energy and passion, produced great effects, these have been confined chiefly to their spoken speech, have not been transferred to their published writings, and have speedily died away. It is the same in other kinds of oratory. Fox’s eloquence, which studied only immediate effect, perished with him, and Pitt’s likewise. Burke’s, being at once highly imaginative, and profoundly wise, lives and will live for ever.

We have not room to enlarge on some other points in the paper. We think Mr. Rogers lays far too much stress on the *time* a preacher should take in composing his sermons. Those preachers who spend all the week in finical polishing of periods and intense elaboration of paragraphs are not the most efficient or esteemed. A well-furnished mind, animated by enthusiasm, will throw forth in a few hours a sermon incomparably superior in force, freshness, and energy, to those discourses which are slowly and toilsomely built up. It may be different sometimes with sermons which are meant for publication. Yet some of the finest published sermons in literature have been written at a heat.

From the entire second volume of these admirable essays, we must abstain. 'Reason and Faith' would itself justify a long separate article. Nor can we do any more than allude at present to that noble 'Meditation among the Tombs of Literature,' which closes the first volume, and which he entitles the 'Vanity and Glory of Literature.' It is full of sad truth, and its style and thinking are every way worthy of its author's genius.

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ART. II.—*Conférences sur les Applications de l'Entomologie à l'Agriculture, précédés d'un Discours.* [Conferences upon the Application of Entomology to Agriculture.] Par M. Macquart. (Extrait des Publications de la Société Royale des Sciences, de l'Agriculture et des Arts de Lille.) Paris: V. Bouchard-Hugard, Libraire; Roret.

2. *De l'Alimentation des Peuples et des Reserves de Grains; Avances sur Céréales; Destruction des Insectes.* [On the Food of Nations and Grain Stores; Loans upon Corn; and the Destruction of Insects.] Par M. Delamarre. Paris: Michel Levy Frères, Libraires-Editeurs. 1852.

BREAD-RIOTS have occurred partially in England and generally in France during the past winter. In England they have been described in the newspapers with their usual amplitude, while in France the news of them has been stifled by an ubiquitous police, who will not permit the occupants of a house to tell anything serious that has happened in it to their neighbours next door. It was only by whispers in confidence that it was known in Paris that Lyons was in insurrection, and noblemen on arriving in the metropolis told in none but safe company that the peasants who were paying tenpence a loaf for black bread were threatening to burn the *châteaux*. In Paris bread was sold at twenty-five *sous* or halfpennies outside the barriers, and at sixteen within them, the city paying the difference to the bakers in paper money created for the occasion. Probably this loss will ultimately reach the subscribers to the new French loan. In the agricultural towns of France the riots took generally the shape of mobs surrounding, hooting, and pelting unpopular corn factors. Probably a real bread riot is one of the sternest sights in the world, and never can be forgotten by any one who has witnessed it. There is a delirium which is produced by a long continuance of deficient nurture. It is as real while it lasts as any other form of lunacy, and always thirsts for a victim. The delirium of hunger especially disfigures the faces of women, making them look pitiable

and terrible. A natural but short-sighted impulse generally directs this delirious wrath against bakers and corn-merchants. Corn-dealers are capitalists who enable a country which does not happen to have produced enough of corn for its own consumption to buy corn with any other commodity it may have to spare. While serving their own interests they are, more efficiently than it could be done by the most active benevolence, labouring to feed the hungry. But just because they are seen to remove certain sacks of corn from one locality to another, they become the objects of a vengeance which tends to produce in reality the evil it avenges. The very earliest of the political recollections of the present writer is of seeing a mob in 1817 attacking the beautiful mansion of a gentleman in Union-street, Aberdeen, and trying to pull down the granite pillars of his portico because he had shipped his corn to London!

Dearth precede revolutions. They are antecedents, and if not causes, furnish the occasions for these outbursts of strife. As they generally at first increase the misery of dearths, revolutions are currently accused of producing the dearths. They are, in the logic of a whole legion of writers, who say what serves their turn, whether true or false, accused of being the causes of their own antecedents. The startling phenomena of the revolutions absorb those of the dearths, and revolutions which have generally given mankind whatever civil and religious blessings they may possess, are blamed for the miseries of which they are the remedies. Of the causes of deficient harvests men speak vaguely by ascribing them to bad seasons. There are good seasons and bad seasons, and the bad produce the dearths. What bad seasons are, meteorologically viewed, the facts, and causes, and periods of their occurrence, even the most intelligent of mankind are only beginning to inquire. It is only of late years, also, that scientific men have noticed seriously that entomological phenomena, or, to speak plainly, the plague of insects, also plays no insignificant part among the facts of bad seasons and the causes of dearths.

France is distinguished alike for the miseries of her revolutions and the ravages of her insects. M. Block, of the statistical department in the French Ministry of the Interior, divides the population of France as follows:—

Agriculturists . . . . .	20,351,628
Manufacturers . . . . .	2,094,371
Artisans . . . . .	7,810,144
Liberal professions . . . . .	3,991,826
Servants . . . . .	753,505
Divers . . . . .	782,496
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	35,783,170



The agricultural population he subdivides as follows :—

Cultivating proprietors . . . . .	7,159,284
„ farmers . . . . .	2,588,311
„ <i>metayers</i> (or halvers) . . . . .	1,412,037
„ labourers . . . . .	6,122,747
„ servants . . . . .	2,748,263
„ foresters . . . . .	320,986
	<hr/>
	20,351,628

The *metayers*, or halvers, are labourers who work the land upon the condition of giving the half or more of the produce to the proprietor. When Adam Smith published his 'Wealth of Nations,' five parts out of six of the whole kingdom were said to be occupied by this kind of cultivators. This system is now to be found chiefly in the south of France, and there has been in the last century a notable diminution in the use of it.

M. Delamarre, well known in France as the proprietor of 'La Patrie' newspaper when it laboured to establish the Empire upon the ruins of the Republic, has reprinted in the *brochure* before us a series of articles which he published to consider by what means an abundance of food could be obtained for the population, and dearths, and revolutions, and downfalls of monarchs prevented in future. His scheme is the establishment of loan-offices for farmers in the grain-growing departments, where they may receive advances upon the security of the grain in their granaries. His chief difficulty is the liability of the grain to perish in the barns from the ravages of a variety of insects. There would be great risk of the pledges becoming worthless after they were pawned. His plan for the preservation of the corn is so little satisfactory to himself that he entreats the paternal government he helped to set up to offer large prizes to naturalists for the discovery of the means of destroying noxious insects. The perishable nature of the pledge is the vice of his scheme of loan-offices to lend to farmers upon their corn to preserve them from the necessity of selling it cheap to foreigners, and to enable them to keep it until Frenchmen should need it.

M. Delamarre furnishes us with several facts and statistical approximations which are of more value than his pet scheme. He labours to give his readers in one of his articles an idea of the weekly consumption of corn by the 35,000,000 of population of France. The French consume weekly two millions of *hectolitres* (a hectolitre is twenty-two English gallons). This mass would be enough to load one hundred and sixty thousand one-horse carts, or five hundred ships of three hundred and twenty tons each. Were all the one-horse carts loaded and formed in line, the string would reach from Paris to Toulouse, two hundred

leagues, or six hundred miles. As for the corn consumed annually by France, were it placed in one-horse carts the convoy would be 10,000 leagues long, and could form consequently a string round the globe.

A comparison of the exportations and importations seems to show that since 1827 France has consumed more corn and flour than she has produced. The average imports are in excess by 500,000 or 600,000 hectolitres. But the fact is that until free-trade in corn was established in Great Britain, the excess of very abundant harvests in France was given to cattle. Official statistics estimated the consumption of wheat, oats, barley, &c., by cattle in 1835 at 4,000,000 hectolitres; and the consumption of breweries, distilleries, and starch manufactories was estimated at 2,700,000 hectolitres. M. Delamarre concludes, upon the whole, that there exists a natural equilibrium between the production and the consumption of France. In abundant years France sold corn to foreigners at twelve francs the hectolitre, and in bad years bought it at more than double the price. But for the ravages of insects upon hoarded grain, and the want of capital among grain-growers, this evil, with its dreadful train of consequences, would not exist.

‘Les Tableaux du Commerce Extérieur de la France,’ published annually by the French Board of Customs, presents the following statement of exports and imports of wheat :—

Years.	Exports.	Imports.
1827	32,793	59,740
1828	65,743	1,133,970
1829	62,133	1,609,783
1830	2,773	1,936,936
1831	97,713	1,050,216
1832	40,786	4,211,306
1833	40,624	5,302
1834	52,095	442
1835	35,796	422
1836	37,708	220,415
1837	60,301	284,896
1838	296,673	89,298
1839	452,440	1,153,273
1840	15,719	2,111,770
1841	470,468	155,786
1842	538,312	555,988
1843	94,004	2,018,257
1844	105,234	2,463,866
1845	160,021	747,513
1846	26,852	4,809,025
1847	59,298	8,846,315
1848	996,114	1,234,471
1849	1,504,780	4,044
1850	1,965,994	585
Totals	7,214,374	34,713,875

It thus appears that in twenty-four years France imported more corn than she exported by 27,500,000 hectolitres.

The following estimate of the consumption of corn in France presents a sad picture of the condition of the people. The average consumption of each inhabitant per annum in the nine best-fed departments is as follows:—Gers, 3 hectolitres 07 litres; Tarn-et-Garonne, 3 hectolitres 06 litres; Calvados, 2 hectolitres 89 litres; Seine-et-Marne, 2 hectolitres 86 litres; Bouches-du-Rhône, 2 hectolitres 86 litres; Lot-et-Garonne, 2 hectolitres 84 litres; Seine, 2 hectolitres 72 litres; Seine-Inférieure, 2 hectolitres 54 litres; Seine-et-Oise, 2 hectolitres 53 litres. These nine departments have together 4,500,000 inhabitants.

The departments which consume the least are:—Ariège, 87 litres; Allier, 60 litres; Haute-Vienne, 54 litres; Morbihan, 50 litres; Ardeche, 46 litres; Finistère, 45 litres; Corrèze, 41 litres; Lozère, 31 litres; Loire, 26 litres; Creuse, 26 litres; Haute-Loire, 21 litres; Cantal, 18 litres. These departments have together a population of more than 4,000,000 of inhabitants.

Man has formidable competitors in insects in regard to the consumption of corn. MM. Richard and Guérin-Menneville laid the following estimates of the annual losses sustained by agriculture in general in France from insects before the National Assembly and the Central Congress of Agriculture. Nobody has charged them with exaggeration:—‘Annual damage to the harvests:—Cereals: Never less than a tenth part of the harvest, or 200,000,000 francs, worth sometimes a fourth, say 500,000,000 francs. Olives: Never less than a fourth, or 6,000,000 francs, and sometimes of six harvests not one is good. Vines: In the two departments of the Rhône and the Saône-et-Loire alone, 7,000,000 francs,’ &c.

The annual average destruction of corn is estimated by the best judges at 250,000,000 francs, or 10,000,000 pounds sterling. A common opinion even among intelligent persons is that while the study of insects is perhaps one of the most curious and interesting of all the branches of human knowledge, it is not of any great practical importance. These calculations give us the means of forming a financial estimate of the importance of entomological science to a single nation. Without admitting the truth of the saying that money is the test of everything, entomology need not shrink from it. Leaving out of the estimate the injuries done by insects to vines, vegetables, forests, buildings, animals, and vestments, the waste they cause to the great staple of agriculture is an affair of 10,000,000 sterling per annum. The means do not exist of forming a practical estimate of the annual ravages of insects in Great Britain and Ireland. The establishment of an



office for the collection of agricultural statistics has only been recently mooted in London ; but the famine in Ireland in 1845 has been traced to the ravages of a single insect, and there cannot be a doubt that the practical importance of entomological science to the British Empire is even proportionately greater than it is to the interests of France.

Differences proportionately small in the harvests produce great increases in the price of grain. Panic, probably the worst of human ills, plays its usual disastrous part in augmenting and creating the very evils it fears—

‘Starting back, he knows not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.’

French statistics furnish curious particulars of the effects of deficiencies in raising prices. In 1816 the harvest was deficient by an eighth, and the price was trebled ; and a tenth was deficient in 1847, and the price was trebled.

M. Delamarre, on what grounds he does not state, makes the following curious estimate of the annual consumption of corn in France for each inhabitant. ‘Prior to the sixteenth century the annual consumption of corn by each inhabitant appears to have been six hectolitres ; during the seventeenth century it was reduced to four hectolitres per head, and at present it is not more than three hectolitres.’ Meat, fish, game, vegetables, fruits in constantly increasing varieties and quantities have taken the place of bread in the nourishment of human beings in modern society. Now-a-days, probably the richest and most luxurious men eat least bread.

In his efforts to show the importance of the consumption of corn by insects, M. Delamarre states it in different forms. In a year they destroy as much as all the French eat in five weeks ; and two species alone devour, annually, more than three millions of men. If the corn destroyed by insects every year in France were placed upon single-horse carts, the string would be as long as a tenth of the circumference of the globe.

In this article, we do not employ the word insect in the wide popular sense of every little noxious animal as the farmers use it, including in it even such mollusks as slugs, nor in the way it is employed by Linnæus, to signify all animals formed in segments or sections. Modern usage applies the word insect to little animals whose bodies are formed by rings or sections, and who have six feet. Their life is passed in four different states,—the state of eggs, of worms, caterpillars, or larvae, the state of nymphs or chrysalides, and the state of *imago*, or perfect insects. The females lay the young in the state or form of eggs. They have ordinarily two or four wings, and two little horns or



Reference to this table will spare us many repetitions in the brief mention we propose to make of the insects most injurious to the cereal and leguminous plants. Leaving aside for the present the insects which injure woods, plantations, cattle, and human beings, we shall only enumerate the more important of the insect enemies of the herbaceous plants in the fields.

A little coleoptera or shield-wing, of the kind called *curculio* by Linnaeus, occupies a bad pre-eminence among the destroyers of the vegetable food of man. The French call this beetle, when a larve, the 'calandre,' and when an imago, the 'charançon'—*Calandra granaria*—and in both states it devours the corn. Every larve devours a grain. The mother deposits an egg in the grain, and the larve feeds upon the flour inside until nothing remains except the husk. The larve leaves it, metamorphosed from a worm to a beetle, and ready to multiply its kind with amazing rapidity. Of this insect, it has been said there are as many as six hundred different kinds. A generation passes through all its changes in fifty days in the environs of Paris, and in thirty in those of Marseilles, where it has been calculated that a single pair has produced 6000 individuals during a season. Sometimes, all the grain in a granary is devoured, and nothing left except the chaff. The insect enjoys a most tenacious vitality. It has been known to live and multiply several years under a coating of mastic and plaster, by which the farmer flattered himself he had rid his granary or barn of them for ever.

These enemies of man have been hitherto combated in three ways,—by lowering the temperature of granaries, by turning the corn, and by strong odours. They dislike the smell of ammoniacal salts. The eggs cannot become larves at a temperature of less than eight degrees Réaumur. By keeping the granaries under this degree of heat, as far as practicable, combined with avoiding humidity, the larves are destroyed in the eggs. The *Greniers-Vallery* are large turning cylinders, which have been invented to put to flight these little beetles or weevils. The cylinder is divided into chambers, with apertures, through which the insects may escape and fly away.

*Saperda tenuis* is another coleoptera or shield-wing which destroys the corn. It often destroys a sixth, a fifth, or even a fourth of the harvest. A single female will depose an egg in each of two hundred stalks of corn. The *Saperda tenuis* appears in the month of June, when the wheat is in flower. The female pierces a little hole near the ear, in which she lays her egg, which descends or falls down to the first knot of the stalk. A little worm or larve is soon developed, which eats the inside, leaving nothing but the epiderm. The ear thus cut off from the sap remains empty, and drying as the other ears ripen, falls before



the first puff of wind. The earless stalks remain upright and conspicuous among the bending corn; and the French farmers call them *aiguillons* or spears; saying they have been made spears of, and name the insect the *aiguillonier*, or spearmaker. The larve, after having weakened the stalk at the ear, gnaws through the knots and lodges itself a little above the soil, lying snugly all winter, concealed amidst the remains of its food. Before the corn is ripe and the harvest begun, the larve is full grown and in his winter quarters. In the beginning of the June of the following year the *Saperda tenuis* changes into a nymph or chrysalide, and in a few more days the perfect insect is hatched, and eats its way out of the tube with its teeth or mandibules, and in turn propagates the generations and perpetuates the ravages of its kind.

Humidity is necessary to preserve the life of this larve. It can support great cold, and live two years in the straw without its metamorphoses, but dryness kills it. When the wheat, barley, or oats infected with it is cut close to the ground, it disappears. Burning the stubble is a still better remedy. M. Macquart says the *aiguillonier* is not met with in the *Département du Nord*, probably because the corn is cut short and the fields ploughed after the taking in of the harvest.

M. Macquart, who is a distinguished entomologist, mentions several other beetles which injure corn. *Zabrus inflatus*, *Amara trivialis*, *familiaris*, *communis*, *tricuspidata*, &c. These carabes, although they are reputed to be carnassiers, and when they cannot get vegetable food do destroy each other, are known, when larves, to devour the roots, and, when imago, to eat the ears of corn. M. Germar has made known the larve of *Zabrus gibbus*, which conceals itself in the earth during the day, and comes forth at night to eat barley and wheat. The female lays a great number of eggs upon the stalks of the graminous plants, and causes considerable havoc. The coleoptera of the genus *amara* also leave their retreats under stones, moss, and grass, and feed upon corn during the night.

Prior to passing from the shield-wings to the dust-wings, from the beetles to the butterflies, or from the coleoptera to the lepidoptera, in scientific language, we must make our brief notes less imperfect than they are by noticing the *Elater (agrilus) segetis*. The larves of this beetle are long, straight, yellowish, and hard. They mine underground, and by eating their roots destroy the plants. After a severe winter their ravages are often considerable in the month of April. A kind of cake, called *des tourteaux de cameline*, pounded into powder and scattered upon the parts of the fields where their devastations have begun, is said to protect the corn from their ravages. The insect ought also to be attacked in its winged state, and before it has had

time to lay its eggs. From some unknown cause the elater never attacks a field more than partially.

*Chrysomela cerealis* is another coleoptera which is destructive to the corn. It is green and gold in colour, and small and oval in shape.

The shields of the coleoptera rival the metals and gems in their lustrous splendour, and the brilliant dust upon the wings of the lepidoptera is not surpassed in beauty by the colouring matter of flowers; but, unfortunately, it would be hard to say which of the orders furnishes the most formidable rivals to mankind in the consumption of the graminees. Corn is destroyed by moths. There is a moth very little different from the moth with which everybody is familiar as the enemy of every wardrobe, which has earned for itself the title of the Terrible! The type of the species is *Tinea pellionella*, or the fur-moth. Few men can have failed to witness, probably with more amusement than sympathy, the expression, upon a maternal or conjugal face, of annoyance and disappointment, when a carefully locked-up muff, victorine, or cape of sable fur, has been displayed completely moth eaten. But a kindred species, the *Tinea granella*, is a more formidable destroyer. This moth is more known in England than in France. It flies by night, and is of a yellowish-white colour, with dark spots upon the upper wings. The *Tinea granella* ties together, with silken threads, which it spins, a little heap of corn, and leaves itself a passage by which it goes out to eat the grain. When there are many of these insects in a granary, the surface of the corn is seen tied together sometimes to a depth of three inches. The grains attacked by the *Tinea* being at the top are easily removed; and when the granary is once cleared of them, it ought to be closed with canvas frames over the windows.

*Butalis cerealella*, Dup., or *alucite des grains*, is the lepidoptera of which the French speak as the Terrible! Every year a formidable competitor with man in the struggle for the bread of life, this insect made itself for ever memorable by causing a frightful famine at Angoumois, in 1760. It is of the genus phalena. Duhamel and Tillet observed it at this epoch with great care; and their description of it is full of curious details. It lives successively in the forms of egg, larve, chrysalide, and imago. Tillet says the female deposits her eggs upon the ears of wheat, in little packets of three, four, or six at a time, and in all to the number of from sixty to eighty or ninety. They are laid between the grains, and quite near where the grains are attached to the straw or stalk. The eggs are very small. They might be passed through the hole made by the finest needle in a sheet of paper. The eggs are hatched in from four to six days after they are laid. When it comes out of the egg, the larve is

about the thickness of a hair. Small as it is, however, it knows how to penetrate the grain, tearing the husk and throwing it upon all sides in extremely fine particles, until it succeeds in reaching the farinaceous substance which serves it as an aliment. A minute heap of husks alone betrays the opening of the hole of the caterpillar of the alucite in the grain. Many young larves perish for want of the strength necessary to tear the husk and penetrate the grain. The young larves, according to the observations of Réaumur, sometimes devour each other, or have mortal battles among themselves. There is never more than one larve in a grain. Duhamel and Tillet have sometimes seen three or four caterpillars dead upon a grain, of which one, doubtless the victor and the strongest, had taken possession. Upon opening a grain containing an undeveloped larve, Duhamel and Tillet found much flour, while in the grain of the fully developed larve there was not enough of farinaceous matter left to whiten the water in which the husk was broken. When these husks are presented to pigs they refuse to touch them. The fully developed larve is only two lines long, and it is about half the size altogether of the grain in which it is enclosed. The body is smooth and quite white, and it has sixteen feet, which are scarcely discoverable even with the aid of the microscope.

The *alucite* exhibits a curious phenomenon of instinct. As if it foresaw that in a perfect state it would not possess the instruments necessary to cut through the husk of the grain in which it lives, the larve makes for itself a trap-door, by which it may emerge when grown into a moth. This trap-door is discernible, because it is whiter than the rest of the husk, and it is about the size of the head of a small pin. Duhamel and Tillet on lifting up the lid of the trap could see the chrysalide within the hole. Prior to transforming itself, the larve makes in the grain a little chamber to receive and separate from it its excrements.

When the insect is perfectly formed it leaves the grain by the trap-door. The newly developed moth is sometimes so vigorous that it starts upon its first flight with the husk adhering to it in which it was nourished, developed, and sheltered.

Fifty days suffice for the circle of the existence of the alucite. Several generations pass through this circle during a season, and especially in dry and warm seasons.

The moth lays her eggs as readily upon the ears of corn in the barns as upon those which are ripening in the fields. In the barns all seasons are alike. When the grain is infected it heats, and this warmth is very favourable to the hatching of the eggs, the growth of the caterpillars, and the reproduction of the moths. It is not all rare to see moths coming out of a heap of grain all



the season until the first frosts of autumn, and to find in the grains at the same time larves and chrysalides during the whole of winter.

The alucites lay their eggs in autumn in the barns, and in the spring in the fields. The moths of spring are nocturnal in their habits, and leave the barns in the evening for the fields, searching for a more succulent nurture for their offspring than the barns contain. The summer flights of moths multiply and lay in the barns. They seem to know that there is not then any grain in the fields suitable for them. The spring flight, on the contrary, force their way through the crevices, or fly through the windows of the barns and granaries in great numbers, and lay their eggs upon the ears of the green corn. M. Milne Edwards exhibits to his class upon entomology at the Jardin des Plantes a glass vase full of grains of wheat infected with the alucites, and covered with a gauze, which prevents their escape while admitting the air. A more curious scene of insect life it would be difficult to conceive. The moths fly about in the vase, or push about through the interstices of the grains, in the most agile and wonderful way. Eggs, larves, chrysalides, and moths are all to be seen at once, and the active life and various flirtations of the perfect insects in the brief joys of their existence afford perpetual amusement to the observer.

Dr. Harpin, a member of the Conseil-General of the department of the Indre, says—'In twelve or fifteen of the departments in the middle and south of France, where corn is the staple culture, the standing wheat and rye are attacked prior to their maturity by myriads of alucites, the larves of which are lodged in the farinaceous substance of the grain, which they replace with their excrements. The insects pass through their various transformations within the protecting envelope of the grain. When harvest comes, a fourth or a third, and sometimes more of the ears are entirely devoured. Most of the other grains, although apparently intact, contain the germs of the destructive insect. These larves are so numerous, that when a handful of grain or ears is squeezed, a white and viscous fluid issues out, which is composed of the bodies of the crushed insects. The crushed husks remain flat and empty, and agglomerate together as if they had been wetted. The ravages of the alucites in the granaries and barns reach such a point, that if the threshing and grinding is delayed a few months, three-fourths, and sometimes seven-eighths of the harvest are lost. The bread made of such corn, especially when it is not sufficiently sifted, contains the remains of the bodies and excrements of the insects. It has a disagreeable and disgusting taste, which catches the throat. This bread does not adhere together, but separates in water as easily as a lump of earth.

An epidemic malady in the throat, of a very dangerous description, which had reigned of late years in the countries ravaged by the alucite, is ascribed to the use of this most unwholesome bread.'

Among the insects which injure the growing cereals is a fly with four wings, called *Cephus pygmea*. It is a hymenoptera, having wings, which appear to be veined like those of wasps and bees. It frequently commits considerable ravages upon the wheat and rye. With a little saw, which it carries at the end of its body, it cuts a little hole in a stalk of corn in the month of May, and inserts an egg in the stalk. The larve nourishes itself upon the pith of the plant. Cutting through the partitions or knots, it descends towards the soil in the stalk a few days prior to the harvest. A short distance above the ground the larve cuts the straw circularly inside, into the form of a sort of spiral staircase, at the bottom of which it passes the winter, enveloped in a web of silk. In the following April it becomes a chrysalide, and soon after a fly. The stalks of wheat or rye infected with the *cephus pygmea* become white and straight a week or a fortnight before the harvest. While the other plants are green and bending with their load, they are erect and empty, or bear only a few shrivelled grains. Weakened by the circular gallery in the pith, the stalk breaks before the first puff of wind. Sometimes this devastation goes to such an extent, that the field appears as if it had been trodden down by a pack of hounds or a herd of cattle.

The larves of the *cephus* are destroyed by turning over the soil of the fields several times, or by burning the stubble. In the north of France the farmers find from experience, and from the traditions of their forefathers, that early sown corn is more exposed to injury from the attacks of this insect, than is corn which has been sown late in the season. Probably this is owing to the circumstance that the late sown corn is not advanced enough at the time when the female deposits her eggs to receive them, and she is consequently forced to lay them upon plants less agreeable to the larves, in which they perish for want of suitable shelter and food. The accurate observation of the periodic phenomena of insect life is not yet brought to the perfection of which it is capable. However, the experience of British farmers in regard to the turnip fly, demonstrates what good may be done to science and to agriculture by modest observers, who will only observe accurately, and record exactly the day and the hour, in successive years and various localities, in which they have seen the smallest insects pass through the phases of their lives.

The *chlorops* is a little yellow moth, with black stripes upon the back, which appears in autumn. It is a formidable destroyer, from its great numbers. Each female lays an egg upon a single stalk of wheat or rye. She cuts out a hole at the side of the

stalk from the ear to the knot, making a passage between the stalk and the first enveloping leaf. The ear is prevented from leaving its sheath, and no nourishment reaches it. There are a variety of chlorops, but the most common which attacks the green corn is yellow, with a black triangle upon the head, and five unequal black stripes upon the upper wings. M. Macquart says it is the larve, and not the female, which first cuts into the stalk. The eggs are deposited, and a few days afterwards, the sap alimented by the roots continues the growth; but not being able to push up the stalk thickens the leaves, in the midst of which the larve passes the winter. The plant, say the French cultivators, is, when in this state, in breeches, or like a leek. It remains in this state until the month of March, when it fades and dies. About the same time the larves become chrysalides, and in May they become moths. The females of the second generation lay in June. But as they find the rye already hard and dry, they attack at this time the wheat solely. They depose at the bottom of the ear, before it can disengage itself from the leaf which serves it as a hood. A few days afterwards the larve has completed the passage which it makes for itself; a little longer, and it is a chrysalide; and in August the perfect moths wing their flight. The plants attacked remain green when their companions are yellow; and it is only upon the side opposite the hole of the chlorops that the ear produces a few shrivelled grains. Towards the side of the ear attacked, it is entirely abortive.

The moths of August lay their eggs in September upon the new-sown wheat or rye. The chlorops thus destroys the grain twice a year. It was in Sweden, in 1778, that the chlorops first distinguished themselves; they committed considerable ravages in France in 1812, and in 1829 they destroyed, it was calculated, a seventieth part of the harvest in the environs of Paris. M. Guerin-Menneville, in his 'Essai sur les Insectes,' reports the following fact:—'M. Wago, of Warsaw, said, in 1827, the roof of a glasshouse, about fifteen yards long and twelve broad, was entirely covered by myriads of chlorops, which were killed every day, and every day renewed. Wishing to count their numbers, he found that there were 156 of them in a square inch. As the roof contained 115,200 square inches, it followed that there were about 18,000,000 of insects, and as they were daily massacred and daily renewed, during ten days, there must have been 180,000,000 of them. In how many graminous plants must they have deposited their eggs prior to perishing in this way!'

Several other insects attack the corn in different countries. *Cecidomyia cerealis*, Bremi, has caused considerable damage in Baden-Baden, in Hungary, and Carinthia. *Cecydomia destructor*



has caused famine several times in different parts of the United States of America. *Cecydomia tritici* has often caused dearths in different nations of continental Europe. This little fly is about a tenth of an inch long, and has feelers as long as its whole body. The Americans call the *Cecydomia destructor* the Hessian fly, because they believe it was brought over to their continent by the Hessians in the British service, in the straw for their horses, during the War of Independence. The eggs are deposited at the beginning of winter, at the insertions of the leaves of the wheat.

The *noctua segetis*, when a larve, eats the roots of the corn in winter. *Pyrallis secalis* attaches itself to the stalk and gnaws it. The larve of *Noctua ochrolenca*, Hubner, eats the growing pith; and myriads, in harvest time especially, of *Physaphus obscurus*, Miller, feed upon the grain.

With two general remarks, we conclude a paper in which we have tried to excite the curiosity of the general reader, rather than satisfy the questions of the man of science. The application of entomology to agriculture, at which Audouin, Ratzbourg, and others have laboured, promises very valuable results. Exact calendars of the epochs in the lives of the noxious insects cannot fail to be useful to farmers, and every man who has the use of his eyes, and pen and ink, can assist in the preparation of these calendars. Probably, they will ultimately have to be combined with meteorological and botanical observations, before they can enable man to gain the victory in the battle he wages with insects for the bread of life.

We have hazarded an innovation in the nomenclature of the insect orders. The terminology of the natural sciences is the object of universal complaint. The authors of dictionaries find the etymologies difficult, not merely because they appertain to nearly all languages and dialects, ancient and modern, but because these apparently learned terms have often been combined by ignorance and caprice. Professors of Natural History, when addressing young men with heads full of Greek, are obliged to tell them they are to forget the original meaning of the words, and find out what the naturalists intended them to signify. We have made a first attempt to place by the side of the scientific terms what we suppose they were intended to signify in the English tongue. If the public should approve the attempt, more successful efforts may follow, and the result can scarcely fail to make the first steps towards the natural science less difficult and dry than they have hitherto been. The days are long gone by in which the Latin served the learned men of Europe as a sort of universal language. In addition to Latin and Greek, the new generation of naturalists are expected to be able to express

themselves in three or four of the modern languages, especially English, French, German, and Italian. If the nomenclature of science followed a similar impulse, and the great classifications were expressed in words compounded from the roots of the living languages, the *savans* would be saved much painful labour, and the *gens du monde* would escape many barbarous sounds and revolting difficulties.

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- ART. III.—*Night and the Soul*. A Dramatic Poem. By J. Stanyan Bigg. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1854.
2. *Zeno; a Tale of the Italian War, and other Poems*. To which are added, Translations from Modern German Poetry. By James D. Horrocks. London: John Chapman. 1854.
3. *Janus, Lake Sonnets, &c., and other Poems*. By David Holt. London: William Pickering. 1853.
4. *Songs of the Present*. London: Clarke, Beeton, & Co.
5. *Morbida; or, Passion Past; and other Poems*. From the Cymric and other sources. London: Saunders & Otley. 1854.
6. *A Poet's Children*. By Patrick Scott. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

THIS utilitarian age seems to supply a hungry and barren soil for the cultivation of the highest order of poetry. Horace proscribes even a proficiency in the pence table and in the mysteries of weights and measures as fatal to the production of poetry which is destined to live. What he would have written on this matter had he lived in London in the year of grace 1854, instead of having flourished at Rome about the time of the Advent, must be left to conjecture. A commercial spirit, of which he never dreamed, has now pervaded the community; and yet even this has not been unproductive of a class of poets of which the bards of antiquity could necessarily form no conception. Poetry is sometimes (and that in accordance with the etymology of the word) described as creative. It cannot be absolutely so. Like the arts of painting and sculpture, it can only be imitative even in its highest perfection. It is not given to man to create, but only to combine; and the highest perfection of this, as of other arts, lies in producing the rarest, the choicest, and the most remote combinations. Hence a school of painting has arisen since the days of the ancient critics, of which the Dutch painters and our own Hogarth and Wilkie are examples, whose representations of

domestic interiors, even of a kitchen, or a larder, command universal admiration from the mere truthfulness and ingenuity of their delineation. And so, too, such poets as Crabbe (to mention one name among many) have earned a lasting fame on a similar principle. In both cases, the effect has been produced by a degree and a kind of civilization unknown to antiquity.

We have said that the present generation seems unproductive of the highest order of poetry. It would seem as if stirring times could alone produce it. It was amidst the social agitations which prevailed in the days of Elizabeth that Shakspeare and his contemporaries inaugurated the highest school of British poetry; Milton flourished during the Civil War; and in the Georgian era, and amidst the turmoil of the French Revolution, and of a mental and social revolution in this country, as profound and intrinsic, though not so noisy and devastating, our poetic literature was illustrated by the convergent rays of Byron and Moore, of Scott, Wordsworth, Burns, Shelley, and a tribe of others, who shine with feebler ray amidst the wide-spreading blaze of this constellation.

Since the times of these great poets, strange changes have passed on those conditions of society which it is one of the functions of poetry to represent and embellish. The daily toils of men, and wives, and maidens, have been superseded by what would formerly have been regarded as a magic influence. Distant countries have been brought into near neighbourhood; and those whose experience has been limited by a radius of ten miles from their native village have become the citizens of the world.

To illustrate so new a condition of men and manners, there must be a new school of poetry, which apparently rises ever more to depict and immortalize the evanescent features of the age which witnesses its birth. We seem just now, in this respect, to be in a transition state. The thrones of the poetical oligarchy are empty. Vacated by the illustrious bards we have mentioned, they await new occupants, and society is gazing to the orient horizon for the forthcoming men. Our limited vision only descries the pioneers of the advancing force. In the interregnum, we must take leave to say that Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, occupies only a vice-regal chair. A disciple of the mystic school, he must wait for the intelligent appreciation of the public to stamp with the seal of validity the partiality of Sir Robert Peel, which was greatly attributable to the absence of competition. To some of his few productions we must give the tribute of our admiration; they bear upon them (to use the phrase of Mr. Macaulay) a hard enamel, which cannot but be attractive to every man of taste; but in many of his poems, we must honestly confess, that we fail to discover a meaning, while some of them



appear to us to be absolutely childish and silly. He seems to have fallen into the fundamental error of Mr. Wordsworth's school, that everything, from a diadem to a skipping-rope, is a legitimate subject of poetry. And public taste, which, after all, we venture to think, is the highest court of appeal, repudiates the principle.

The foremost British aspirants, after the laureate, are the author of 'Festus,' the author of the 'Roman,' and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Not a few splendid courtiers crowd around the poetic throne, awaiting the entrance of a sovereign of song, but as yet the regal seat is vacant. The works, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, illustrate the truth of these observations. There is but one of them which claims a careful criticism. This is 'Night and the Soul.' It bears a signature, which is most probably fictitious, and is designated a dramatic poem, although its construction scarcely justifies the title. It has no plots, no incidents, and no catastrophe, and it exhibits no array of *dramatis personæ*. It sets at defiance the orthodox 'unities,' and courteously leaves both place and time to the imagination of the reader. Its chief characters are two enthusiastic youths, Alexis and Ferdinand, and two ladies, of whom they are respectively enamoured, Caroline and Flora. The work is a series of sentimental dialogues, in which these are the chief interlocutors. The time is almost invariably night, and the imagery mainly drawn, and that with great variety and beauty, from nocturnal phenomena.

It is, however, half the duty of a critic to find fault, and in the prosecution of 'the gentle craft,' we cannot but note an overstrained and pretensive style of dialogue, a kind of self-sentience, as if each speaker was striving to do his best, and conscious of his own eloquence. Any one who compares the soliloquies of Byron's 'Manfred' with these conversations, will clearly perceive our meaning. He will be reminded of the poetic contests of Virgil's 'Eclogues,' and, perhaps sympathetically wearied with the strife, will be inclined to exclaim in the words of that poet:—

'Claudite jam rivos, pueri ; sat prata biberunt.'

Notwithstanding this exception, however, there is much of vigour and beauty, both of thought and expression in the poem before us; and if, as we suspect, the author is a young man, he is likely to win a more than respectable position as a poet. We have already said that this poem contains no plot to narrate, and he therefore deserves a larger tribute of praise for having produced an interesting drama which is intentionally destitute of that attractive element. Some of the more scattered passages alone can be presented to the reader, but these indicate poetic

genius in no small degree. The first we will quote is illustrative of the uses of adversity, and is as follows:—

‘—The soul that hath not sorrowed  
Knows neither its own weakness nor its strength;  
Sorrow reveals heaven to us; for our souls  
Hang in the infinite like sun-dyed globes,  
On which the time-rays of the present play;  
But ever and anon a shadow comes  
Over and on them, cast forth from their thrones  
In the great world to come, when a bright seraph  
Glides like a glow behind them. And our woes  
Are like the moon reversed, the broad bright disk  
Turned heavenwards—the dark side towards us,  
Till God, in his great mercy turns them round,  
And rolls them, with a wise and gentle hand,  
Into the dim horizon of the past,  
To bless us with their smile of tearful lustre.’—p. 13.

Our author seems to have had Byron’s poem of ‘Manfred’ continually in his view, and he represents a number of spirits exercising their baleful influence on Alexis, and subjecting his sensitive mind to a sharp and terrible ordeal. This is introduced by a kind of incantation, of which the following is the commencement:—

‘SPIRITS OF DARKNESS ALL.  
‘Sisters, sisters, gather round us!  
Shake the cavern’s rocky floor!  
We have triumph now before us;  
We have treasure evermore.  
Hell is winning! Earth is spinning  
Like a moth, around its fate;  
And the trophies grow and gather  
Round the doom-world’s ebon gate.  
Hark! the doors of hell are clanging,  
Ever wheeling to and fro,  
And the fiend’s dark banner flutters  
Proudly, o’er the world of woe,  
For his subjects bow before him,  
Crowding millions at a time;—  
Heaven is fading; earth is dwindling;  
Hell is ripening towards the prime,  
And another soul is given us,  
To torment, and tempt, and try;  
We will rack him till he wishes  
To be rid of us—and die!’—pp. 77, 78.

The charm works on the mind of the young man, and produces a deep depression, which leads him to distrust, and almost to despise the philosophy which had constituted the whole of his

intellectual life. After a long soliloquy on his whole mental history, he gazes from his window on a crowded street at night, and thus muses on the passing multitude:—

- ‘ Thus they stream on ! Each soul a universe ;  
 Each man a microcosm of the whole,  
 Of all that is or can be here below,  
 Or in the great hereafter. Hell, earth, heaven,  
 All blended and concentrated in one,  
 And looking out of eyes that meet me now !  
 Cherub and seraph—hierarchies of these  
 Lay slumbering in the compass of a soul ;  
 Grand possibilities—Aurelias  
 Destined, perchance, to flash out into heaven !
- ‘ Thus they stream on ; and tramp the world for pence,  
 With unclaimed acreage of stars at hand ;  
 With constellations waiting for a lord ;  
 And God himself, with bounteous eye and hand,  
 Casting the seed into the eternal soil,  
 For them to reap and garner evermore ;  
 Their wealth still growing, like the universe,  
 From seedlings into suns ; from suns to systems.

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- ‘ Thus they stream on ! All mantled round by time,  
 Like god-lings buried to the neck in leaves,  
 With brows the sun might bless himself to see,  
 And eyes in which the stars might lose themselves ;  
 Kings, with a beggar’s wallet at their back ;  
 Princes and potentates disporting rags ;  
 Crowned monarchs begging at their palace gate,  
 And taking crumbs from menials, with a bow !
- ‘ Thus they stream on ! All gasping out for wealth ;  
 For the poor pittance of a niggard world,  
 While vacant empires cry aloud for lords,  
 And sceptres are piled up in heaven, star-high,  
 Waiting for faithful hands to grasp, and wield.’

—pp. 103, 104.

The ninth scene introduces the reader to a banquet, in which a few subsidiary characters are introduced. We notice it for the purpose of exhibiting, and that certainly in a very favourable aspect, the lyric genius of the author. The sentiment of the song ascribed to a casual character, seems to be drawn from a well-known Greek epigram, and is thus rendered, as we think, with great felicity:—

- ‘ Thou pleadest, love, and all things plead ;  
 For, what is life but endless needing ?  
 All worlds have wants beyond themselves,  
 And live by ceaseless pleading.



- ‘The earth yearns towards the sun for light,  
The stars all tremble towards each other;  
And every moon that shines to-night  
Hangs trembling on an elder brother.
- ‘Flowers plead for grace to live; and bees  
Plead for the tinted domes of flowers;  
Streams rush into the big-soul’d seas;  
The seas yearn for the golden hours.
- ‘The moon pleads for her preacher, Night;  
Old ocean pleadeth for the moon;  
Noon flies into the shades for rest;  
The shades seek out the noon.
- ‘Life is an everlasting seeking,  
Souls seek, and pant, and plead for truth:  
Youth hangeth on the skirts of age;  
Age yearneth still towards youth.
- ‘And thus all cling unto each other;  
For nought from all things else is riven.  
Heaven bendeth o’er the prostrate earth,  
Earth spreads her arms towards heaven.
- ‘So do thou bend above me, love,  
And I will bless thee from afar;  
Thou shalt be heaven, and I the sea  
That bosometh the star.’—pp. 113, 114.

We had marked for quotation a very pleasing passage on death, a poetical expansion of the sacred expression—‘I would not live always;’ but this we are obliged to omit, and conclude our notice by saying that, subject to the exceptions we have named, ‘Night and the Soul’ is distinguished by much poetic power and taste. We are surprised, however, by occasional faults of rhythm, the more remarkable, as the author generally indicates a correct ear. A very happy couplet near the close is spoiled by this defect—

‘None of all the mystic ages half so rich as this good hour,  
For *they* its buried fibres are while *it* shines out the flower!’

And again, within forty lines of this passage, we find a still stronger case in the couplet—

‘That you cannot strike the branches but you hurt the parent tree,  
For whoso did this evil thing, “He did it unto me.”’

If such passages are accidental, they betray either great carelessness or a want of that perception of rhythm which is essential to good versification, if not to poetry. On the alternative supposition they are not only barbarisms, but liberties which our greatest poets would not have presumed to take.

We are not sure if we quite understand the meaning of the following lines which close the poem.

‘So much as I have learnt, that will I sing,  
And if the world will listen, it is well.  
If not, then God shall be my auditor,  
And the still night shall know another soul,  
And the great realm of spirits welcome me!’

We hope that even should the success of this effort not correspond to the sanguine wishes of the poet, he may still have human auditors to listen to something, which, with care and diligence, he may make far more worthy of public attention. He must not shrink from what Horace calls ‘the labour of the file.’ He is capable of higher and better things than ‘Night and the Soul,’ and is well worth the advice that even the quickest poetical conceptions require a period of gestation.

The other volumes before us yield, after a careful perusal, but little material for criticism. ‘Morbida’ seems to us to deserve its name. It is sickly and feeble. The author has evidently mistaken his vocation. He might make, as times go, a creditable man in various professions, but Nature, in endowing him with a polished mediocrity, evidently intended him for anything rather than a poet. Everyone knows the aphorism of Horace, the truth of which has made it trite and even hackneyed—

‘Mediocribus esse poetis  
Non homines, non Dî non concessere columnæ.

‘Janus, Lake Sonnets,’ &c., falls under the same category. It is correct, tame, and quiet. The author is intelligent, but not a poet. We quote a single passage from his work, because it distinctly illustrates the opinion we have already expressed.

‘The mighty lyre  
Is silent now, because the master hands  
That swept its chords have crumbled into dust,  
And left no heirs behind.’

We are obliged to pronounce the same opinion upon ‘Zeno; a tale of the Italian War, and other Poems.’ Nothing can be imagined more tame and vapid, and more destitute of all the elements of poetic art.

‘The Songs of the Present’ is a work of somewhat higher mark, but its subjects are not suited to poetry, except in the hands of such men as George Crabbe and the Anti-Corn-Law Rhymer. The war with Russia, the strikes in our manufacturing districts, and similar themes have been undertaken by this poet’s muse, and in a succession of fugitive pieces, entitled ‘Battle Ardours,’ ‘Warning Voices,’ ‘Voices of Hope,’ and ‘Voices of Cheer.’ It is impossible to deny to the writer the credit of wise and

noble sentiments, and of considerable force of diction. He evidently possesses talents which, with careful cultivation, will constitute him a poet of no mean order; and although we think that we are only anticipating the verdict of the public when we say that the volume before us is a failure, yet we honestly add the expression of our belief that the anonymous writer will yet, with more experience, fight his way to fame. He has not over-rated his genius, but we venture to think he has lost his way in the selection of his subjects. It is not one man in a million that can throw a poetic charm over the art and mystery of trade, and grow fragrant flowers in the arid wastes of political economy.

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ART. IV.—*Alexandria and her Schools*. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. With a Preface. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Middleham and Rector of Eversley. pp. xxiv.—172. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1854.

MR. KINGSLEY has won his way to a wide popularity among English writers, and, doubtless, because of this popularity, he was invited to lecture before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh on the Schools of Alexandria. Few themes could have been more happily or more seasonably chosen. Alexandria was the noblest conception of the Macedonian conqueror—chosen by his penetrating insight as the site of a great city, laid out under his own directions, and honoured with his own name, rising in a short time to the rank of the first cities in the world, enriched with the spoils of conquest, rivalling Rome in its extent, and excelling Tyre and all other ancient ports, by the vastness and variety of its commerce as the grand emporium of the East and of the West. Diodorus and Strabo told her story and described her wonders to the old Romans, D'Anville has sketched her monuments for the moderns, and innumerable travellers from Europe have supplied materials for a large acquaintance with her material glories. But the chief and lasting distinction of Alexandria is her schools. For more than fifteen hundred years she was the focus of the world's intellect, and after the reception of Christianity she became the great school of theology, whose methods have connected the old world with the new, and whose principles have been working, for good and for evil, in the forms of religious thought, through all the nations of the earth. In the speculations of her philosophers, the depths of the human intellect were sounded and laid bare. The fierce conflict between



reasoning and believing, which lasted from the time of Thales to that of Proclus, ended in the separation of their respective provinces, until the same questions were revived, and the same war was renewed in the commencement of the new era—to which we seem to behold approaching a similar termination—the struggle between reason and faith. The pure deductions of reason have not solved the profoundest difficulties of the strongest intellect. History appears to prove that, however elevating the inquiry may be, it cannot succeed—because of the impassable limits of the human powers—in reaching its object; while history, not less authentic, proves that, from beyond the range of human faculties, has come a revelation which declares, on express divine authority, the truths which man had never learned, could never learn in any other way. Having the facts of revelation, and the principles of revelation, in the Holy Scriptures, all that remained for reason to do was, therefore, to assume these facts, and these principles, and to draw from *them* the systems of thought which have received in modern times the name of philosophical Christianity, or scientific theology.

Though Mr. Kingsley has made few quotations or references, he shows signs of acquaintance with some of the best writers on the topics of his Lectures. To such of our readers as wish to pursue them more fully, we may recommend the various histories of philosophy by Stanley, Brucker, Enfield, Tiedmann, Tenneman, and Ritter, M. Jules Simon's '*Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*,' and an article in the '*Revue des Deux-Mondes*,' 1844, by M. Saisset. For a compendious sketch, we need but refer to Mr. G. H. Lewes's '*Bibliographical History of Philosophy*,' the second volume of the first series, pages 182-225. And to such as are specially interested in the *theological* bearings of these schools, we would recommend the elaborate expositions of Neander in his '*Church History*.' It is due to Mr. Kingsley to say, that he may be entirely trusted for the general fairness and accuracy of his facts, though he speaks of his Lectures as being, of necessity, 'altogether crude and fragmentary.'

Apart from the intellectual gratification and the vitalizing stimulus to be received from these Lectures, they derive peculiar interest from the *political position* and the spiritual prospects of the civilized world. Mr. Kingsley disavows all sympathy with the sociological philosophy of Comte, which drizzles in thin spray among praters about the 'progress of the species;' or with the 'gloomy spirits,' whose narrow methods of interpretation seem to show them the near approach of the end of all things. He studies the *organic laws* of history, rather than the arbitrary selection of a few names and dates and fanciful analyses. He does not look on the Turkish empire as likely to last long, or as

worthy of preservation. In his eyes, it has lost 'the only excuse that one race can have for holding another in subjection,'—'the governing with tolerable justice those who cannot govern themselves, and making them better and more prosperous people by compelling them to submit to law.' He has no hope of the regeneration of Turkey; and he takes a lower view, we think, than recent facts justify of her military skill;—still, he approves strongly of the interposition of the Western powers on her behalf, though he would have England to stand forth, as in the days of Elizabeth, to recognise 'nationalities,' and not 'governments;' and he discourses boldly and eloquently of 'that most noble deed, the dying like a man, not merely for the sake of this land of England, but of the freedom and national life of half the world.' Looking forward to the probability of a bright future for Alexandria, he says,—

'Apart from all political considerations, which would be out of place here, I hail, as a student of philosophy, that school which is now both in Alexandria and also in Constantinople teaching to Moslem and to Christian the same lesson which the Crusaders learnt in Egypt five hundred years ago. A few years' more perseverance in the valiant and righteous course which Britain has now chosen, will reward itself by opening a vast field for capital and enterprise, for the introduction of civil and religious liberty among the down-trodden peasantry of Egypt, as the Giaour becomes an object of respect and trust and gratitude to the Moslem, and as the feeling that Moslem and Giaour own a common humanity, a common eternal standard of justice and mercy, a common sacred obligation to perform our promises and to succour the oppressed shall have taken place of the old brute wonder at our careless audacity and awkward assertion of power, which now expresses itself in the somewhat left-handed Alexandrian compliment—'There is one Satan, and there are many Satans; but there is no Satan like a Frank in a round hat.'—pp. 170, 171.

The Lectures commence with the *Ptolemaic Era*. After explaining the difference between the physical and the metaphysical schools, and sketching the origin of Alexandria, Mr. Kingsley exhibits the brilliant character of Ptolemy Lagus—his political genius; his 'perception of the secret of the Grecian supremacy;' his formation of a literary court, with Demetrius Phalerius, the Athenian, as his friend and companion; and his commencement of the great public library. Ptolemy Philadelphus organized the institutions of his predecessor, bought the collection of Aristotle, founded a temple of the Muses, and gathered around his palace the choice scholars and sages of the world:—

'Alas! the Muses are shy and wild; and though they will haunt, like skylarks, on the bleakest northern moor as cheerfully as on the sunny hills of Greece, and rise thence singing into the heaven of heavens, yet they are hard to tempt into a gilded cage, however

amusingly made and plentifully stored with comforts. Royal societies, associations of savans, and the like, are good for many things, but not for the breeding of art and genius; for they are things which cannot be bred. Such institutions are excellent for physical science, when, as among us now, physical science is going on the right method; but where, as in Alexandria, it was going on an utterly wrong method, they stereotype the errors of the age, and invest them with the prestige of authority, and produce mere Sorbonnes and schools of pedants. To literature, too, they do some good, that is, in a literary age—an age of reflection rather than of production, of antiquarian research, criticism, imitation, when book-making has become an easy and respectable pursuit for the many who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg. And yet, by adding that same prestige of authority, not to mention of good society and court favour, to the popular mania for literature, they help on the growing evil, and increase the multitude of prophets, who prophesy out of their own heart, and have seen nothing.

‘And this was, it must be said, the outcome of all the Ptolemæan appliances.

‘In physics they did little, in art nothing, in metaphysics less than nothing.’—pp. 18, 19.

In *physics*, the Ptolemaic schools made real progress. Euclid—the master of geometrical science; Aristarchus—the measurer of the sun’s distance from the earth; Eratosthenes—who calculated the circumference of the earth, and raised geography into a science; Archimedes of Syracuse, of whom so many school-boys’ tales are current, the discoverer of the power of the lever, and of hydrostatic pressure; and Hipparchus, the father of the Ptolemaic system of the heavens, and the apparent inventor of trigonometry—these are the great names of Alexandrian physics. In speaking of them, the lecturer dwells with much force on the difference between men of genius and their disciples; the first examining facts, and explaining them, while their followers must needs form a school and a system, and fancy they do honour to their master by refusing to follow in his steps, by making his book a fixed dogmatic canon, attaching to it some magical infallibility, declaring the very lie, which he disproved by his whole existence, that discovery is henceforth impossible, and the sum of knowledge complete; instead of going on to discover, as he discovered before them, and by following his method, show that they honour him, not in the letter, but in spirit and in truth.

That the Alexandrian schools did nothing in art is proved. Callimachus, the favourite of Ptolemy Philadelphus, was a critic, a grammarian, who *knew somewhat of everything*, and who wrote numberless poems without real life. Lycophron left a traditionary and obscure poem called ‘Cassandra,’ of which we know only that it is very hard to read. Philetas, though held to be inferior to the other two in artificial composition, seems to have been a



more simple, genial, graceful spirit. Of the *idyls* of Theocritus, more Sicilian than Alexandrian, he says:—

‘One can well conceive the delight which his *idyls* must have given to those dusty Alexandrians, pent up for ever between sea and sand-hill, drinking the tank-water, and never hearing the sound of a running stream,—whirling, too, for ever in all the bustle and intrigue of a great commercial and literary city. Refreshing, indeed, it must have been to them to hear of those simple joys and simple sorrows of the Sicilian Shepherd, in a land where toil was but exercise, and mere existence was enjoyment. To them, and to us, also, I believe Theocritus is one of the poets who will never die. He sees men and things in his own light way, truly; and he describes them simply, honestly, with little careless touches of pathos and humour; while he floods his whole scene with that gorgeous Sicilian air, like one of Titian’s pictures, with still sunshine, whispering pines, the lizard sleeping on the wall, and the sun-burnt cicada shrieking on the spray, the pears and apples dropping from the orchard bough, the goats clambering from crag to crag after the cistus and the thyme, the brown youths and wanton lasses singing under the dark chestnut boughs, or by the leafy arch of some

“——Grot nymph-haunted,  
Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and clambering roses,  
Cool in the fierce still noon, where the streams glance clear in the  
moss-beds.”

And here and there, beyond the braes and the meads, blue glimpses of the far-off summer sea; and all this told in a language and a metre which shapes itself almost unconsciously, wave after wave, into the most luscious song. Doubt not that many a soul, then, was the simpler, and purer, and better, for reading the ‘Sweet Singer of Syracuse.’ He has his immoralities of his age; his naturalness, his sunny calm and cheerfulness, are all his own.’—pp. 45-47.

Passing from the poets of Alexandria to her critics who wrote glossaries and grammars, and corrected the texts of the old Greek poets, we are glad to find that, while Mr. Kingsley does justice to these grammarians, he thinks that our grammatical and philological education is not severe enough.

‘In an age like this—an age of lectures, and of popular literature, and of self-culture, too often random or capricious, however earnest, we cannot be too careful in asking ourselves, in compelling others to ask themselves, the meaning of every word which they use, of every word which they read, in assuring them, whether they will believe us or not, that the moral, as well as the intellectual culture, acquired by translating accurately one dialogue of Plato, by making out thoroughly the sense of one chapter of a standard author, is greater than they will get from skimming whole folios of Schlegelian æsthetics, resumé, histories of philosophies, and the like second-hand information; or attending seven lectures a week till their lives’ end. *It is better to*

*know one thing than to know about ten thousand things.* I cannot help feeling painfully, after reading those most interesting Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, that the especial danger of this time is intellectual sciolism, vagueness, sentimental eclecticism—and feeling, too, as Socrates of old believed, that intellectual vagueness and shallowness, however glib, and grand, and eloquent it may seem, is inevitably the parent of a moral vagueness and shallowness which may leave our age, as it left the later Greeks, without an absolute standard of right or of truth, till it tries to escape from its own scepticism, as the later Neo-Platonists did, by plunging desperately into any fetish worshipping superstition which holds out to its wearied, and yet impatient intellect, the bait of decisions already made for it, of objects of admiration already formed and systematized.—pp. 50, 51.

The great defect of the Grecian intellect, as exemplified in the Alexandrian schools, was the absence of induction. Hence their worthless attempts at philology—the science whose laws have been developed by the patient Germans, Grimm, Bopp, and Buttman. While the physics of Alexandria have been corrected and immeasurably extended by the cautious induction and the delicate instruments of modern science, her criticisms have been abandoned, and all that remains of her productions to be cherished by lovers of ancient learning is to be found in her corrected editions of the Greek classic authors.

We have observed that Mr. Kingsley has said of the Alexandrian schools that while the earlier sages did little in physics and nothing in art, in metaphysics they did less than nothing. He says in another place, that none ever existed at all in Alexandria, in the modern acceptance of the word. The Alexandrian mixing up of philosophy with theology, of which Ritter complained, was, however, equally true of Plato, of the Hindoos, of the Parsees, of Aristotle even. Greek thought declined, after it had reached its height in Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. This decline was owing, in part, to the seductive tendencies of the Greek mind, but still more to moral causes. The Greeks had never been an ‘over righteous people.’ In latter times they delighted in what was evil. They became sceptical, sophistical, hopeless, and careless, not unlike the selfish philosophers of France in the eighteenth century.

‘They did nothing for the elevation of humanity. What culture they may have given probably helped to make the Alexandrians what Caesar calls them, the most ingenious of all nations; but righteous or valiant men it did not make them. When, after the three great reigns of Soter, Philadelphus, and Evergetes, the race of the Ptolemies began to wear itself out, Alexandria fell morally, as its sovereigns fell, and during a miserable and shameful decline of a hundred and eighty years, sophists wrangled, pedants fought over accents and readings with the true *odium grammaticum*, and kings plunged deeper and deeper into the

abysses of luxury and incest, laziness and cruelty, till the flood came, and swept them all away. Cleopatra, the Helen of Egypt, betrayed her country to the Roman; and thenceforth the Alexandrians became slaves in all but name.'—pp. 67, 68.

The most interesting fact in the history of Alexandria connects it with the Jews. They had been signally favoured by Alexander. Ptolemy Soter admitted them to the privileges enjoyed by Greeks. They built a temple in the city; they translated their Scriptures into Greek; they were at all times exceedingly numerous; their rabbis—'the light of Israel'—gave the tone to Jewish literature for many centuries. They lost the devout faith of their forefathers. Considering themselves as the heirs of the only subjects of God, their inspired books became the objects of a superstitious veneration, thus rendering unwilling service to following ages and to all people; they became pedants, and ranked with the most wicked of mankind. They dreamed of a future restoration, indeed, by a personal deliverer, whom they looked for, not as the Redeemer of whom the prophets had sung, but as a manifestation of *power*, not of goodness, a destroyer of the hated heathen, who was to establish them as the tyrant race of the whole earth.

In the third lecture, Mr. Kingsley deals with the school of Neo-Platonism introduced about the beginning of the Christian era by Philo the Jew. He was a disciple of Plato and of Aristotle. He saw more clearly than Plato and the Eastern Greeks did, that the absolutely good can be found only in a *person*. He was no stranger to the puzzle of all earnest thinkers—the harmony between the idea of an Absolute and Eternal Being, and that of the providential energy working in time and space. Philo's solution was, in the idea of a '*Logos*,' the 'Hebrew Word of God,' speaking and acting by successive acts. Mr. Kingsley condemns his allegorizing, untrue alike to Socrates and Plato, and to Moses and Samuel; and he follows in the track of Clement of Alexandria, who ascribed all the truth held by the heathen as inspirations from 'the one common Logos, Word, or Reason.' The difference between Plotinus, on the one hand, and Pantænus, Origen, and Clemens on the other, was, according to him, that, 'with Plotinus and his school, man is seeking for God; with Clemens and his, God is seeking for man. With the former God is passive, and man active; with the latter God is active, man passive—passive, that is, in so far as his business is to listen when he is spoken to; to look at the light which is unveiled to him; to submit himself to the inward laws which he feels reprov-  
ing him and checking him at every turn, as Socrates was reprov-  
ed and checked by his inward dæmon.' Plotinus, not perceiving that 'this One Reason, closely connected with man, must be a



Divine Person, his followers were fain to fill up the void by a mixture of the old heathen polytheism with the fictions of the Chaldees and the inventions of the Jewish rabbis. Later Neo-Platonists fell back on theurgy and magic. The Christian schools held that the likeness of God consisted in righteousness, love, and peace in the Holy Spirit, and that man can rise no higher, and needs no more.'

'Platonists had said—No, that is only virtue; and virtue is the means not the end. We want proof of having something above that; something more than any man of the herd, any Christian slave, can perform: something above nature; portents and wonders. So they set to work to perform wonders, and succeeded, I suppose, more or less. For now one enters into a whole fairy land of those very phenomena which are puzzling us so now-a-days—ecstasy, clairvoyance, insensibility to pain, cures produced by what we now call mesmerism. They are all there, these modern puzzles, in those old books of the long by-gone seekers for wisdom. It makes us love them, while it saddens us to see that their difficulties were the same as ours, and that there is nothing new under the sun. Of course, a great deal of it was "imagination." But the question, then, as now, is, What is this wonder-working imagination?—unless the word be used as a mere euphemism for lying, which really, in many cases, is hardly fair. We cannot wonder at the old Neo-Platonists for attributing these strange phenomena to spiritual influence, when we see some who ought to know better doing the same thing now; and others who more wisely believe them to be strictly physical and nervous, so utterly unable to give reasons for them that they feel it expedient to ignore them for awhile, till they know more about those physical phenomena, which can be put under some sort of classification, and attributed to some sort of inductive law.'—pp. 113, 114.

Mr. Kingsley is far from agreeing with M. Cousin in his extravagant admiration of Proclus—the last of the Neo-Platonic school. Probably he runs into the opposite extreme. He inserts a prayer of this philosopher, prefixed to his discourses on the Parmenides—a prayer, which, notwithstanding the inflation of its style, is not without interest as the 'last pagan prayer, I believe, which we have on record; the death-wail of the old world,' contrasting mournfully with the simpler and profounder doctrine of the Christian schools, which found the apparent contradictions of the universe reconciled in the Logos of the New Testament. Mr. Kingsley does not say that Neo-Platonism is a failure. Its works spread through the south of Europe at the revival of learning, after the dispersion of the Greek scholars by the Turkish conquest of Constantinople. It rejoiced the young manhood of educated nations. In Italy, it did nothing for morals or politics. It amused the popes. In Castiglioni, it borders on sensuality. In England it was a gain to Sydney, Raleigh, and Spenser. In Henry More, Smith, and even in Cudworth, the

superiority of the scholar to the plain righteous man was growing up again very fast. 'It was good for us all that the plain strength of the Puritans, unphilosophical as they were, swept it all away.' Mr. Kingsley sees, in the writings of Proclus, that Bacon confounded him with Plato, of whom he was only the commentator and representative; whereas, the true Platonic method remains yet to be tried, in applying to words, as the expression of the metaphysical laws, the same induction which has found in natural phenomena the expression of physical laws.

The fourth and last Lecture is entitled 'The Cross and the Crescent'—the title, by the way, of a charming book by the late lamented Warburton. The object is to exhibit some characteristics of the Christian school. It is one disadvantage of approaching such a subject as this, on ground which excludes theological controversy, that the views propounded are apt to be vague and superficial. In addition to this, there are two aspects of the Alexandrian Christian school, which are, if not unknown, almost uniformly overlooked in England at the present time. One of these is, that the Alexandrians were philosophers, *independently of their being Christians*; and the other is, that their teaching in their schools was designed to show that all true *γνώσις* was to be found only in Christ. They did not aim at substituting either philosophy for Christianity, or Christianity for philosophy, but to express the truths of Christianity in terms familiar to their cultivated neighbours, and in accordance with the only methods of thought that *could* command their reverence. Mr. Kingsley avows his belief, that they made the best, perhaps the only attempt yet made by men, to proclaim a true world-philosophy; 'whereby I mean a philosophy common to all races, ranks, and intellects, containing the whole phenomena of humanity, and not an arbitrarily small portion of them, and capable of being understood and appreciated by every human being, from the highest to the lowest.' The ground they took—the ground common to all men—was the moral; and they produced a happy revolution in men, which was palpable and visible, while the speculations of the New Platonists, addressing the intellect only, and confining their instructions to the cultured few, in contemptuous neglect of the many, left men where they found them, in all that relates to the highest dignity and felicity of their nature. That Alexandrian Christianity should have perished as it did, is ascribed by Mr. Kingsley to the allurements of speculation so natural to their peculiar subtlety, to their habits of exclusiveness, combativeness, and dogmatism, which had been generated by their long contests with the heathen schools, and—

‘Why did this befall them? Because they forgot practically that the light proceeded from a Person. They could argue over notions and dogmas deduced from the notion of his personality, but they were shut up in those notions; they had forgotten that if He was a Person, His eye was on them, His rule and kingdom within them; and that if He was a Person, He had a character, and that character was a righteous and loving character; and therefore they were not ashamed, in defending these notions and dogmas about Him, to commit acts abhorrent to His character, to lie, to slander, to intrigue, to hate, even to murder for the sake of what they madly called His glory; but which was really their own glory—the glory of their own dogmas; of propositions and conclusions in their own brain, which, true or false, were equally heretical in their mouths, because they used them only as watchwords of division. Orthodox or unorthodox, they lost the knowledge of God, for they lost the knowledge of righteousness, and love, and peace. That divine Logos, and theology as a whole, receded further and further aloft into abysmal heights, as it became a mere dreary system of dead scientific terms, having no practical bearing on their hearts and lives; and then they, as the Neo-Platonists had done before them, filled up the void by those demonologies, images, base fetish worships, which made the Mohammedan invaders regard them, and I believe justly, as polytheists and idolaters, base as the pagan Arabs of the desert.’—pp. 137, 138.

Just as their dogmatic fierceness had thought, society was debased by the admiration of celibacy, which substituted for the sanctity of domestic life and the dignity of social duties, a huge monastic chaos of impurity, dishonesty, and selfishness. It was while engaged in controversies on questions which had lost their vital significance, that the Alexandrians lost the precious fruits of nine hundred years of toil, from the days of Alexander, their wealth, their monuments, their temples, their literature, and their religion, by the invasion of the Arabs. Wherein lay the strength of Islam? Mr. Kingsley rejects the common notion that Mohammed was a bad man and a deceiver, and he vouches his ‘own acquaintance with the original facts and documents’ that Mr. Carlyle’s vindication of him contains a ‘true and just picture of a much-calumniated man.’ He cannot admit that either fanaticism—or the sensuous ideas of Paradise and Gehenna—or faith in their own doctrines—or any innate force in the Arab character—can account for their success; on the contrary, Mr. Kingsley distinctly avers his belief that he was really charged with a message from God! He accounts for Islamism becoming ‘one of the most patent and complete failures on earth’ from its allowance of polygamy;—their exchange of belief in a present and merciful God for a benumbing fatalism; and the absence of freedom and originality in their schools. From these schools, however, we have received the works of ancient learning, and the



Commentaries of Averroës, Avicenna, of Albatani, and Aboul ; besides the use of the sine, and the Indian decimal arithmetic. The Crusades failed in their object. The nobler spirits that embarked in them, learnt lessons which led the way to the movements of the fifteenth century, and the books they are said to have brought home have taught the Europeans to navigate and colonize the globe.

We have thus given our readers a fair and somewhat copious report of these Lectures. The freshness, brightness, and genial sympathy by which they are characterized, are worthy of their author, and commend his opinions and thoughts to every candid reader. In many points, we heartily agree with him, and we regret that we have not from his pen a more ample discussion of them. As to other matters, we must express our dissent, but not without briefly rendering our reasons. It happens to Mr. Kingsley, as to many other ingenious and popular writers, to assert opinions which are received by those with whom he most naturally associates as though they were generally acknowledged. Thus, while aiming, honestly we doubt not, to keep clear of all points which are commonly called 'controversial,' he touches many questions in a manner which is most of all provocative of disputation—quietly assuming one side, and using strong language in condemnation of another. Thus he speaks of the Apostle Paul as a Platonist, as a practised Platonic dialectician to whose mind the Platonic doctrine of the real existence of archetypal ideas both of mind and physical phenomena 'was most certainly present consciously'—a notion for which, in our judgment, there is not the evidence on which alone so decided an affirmation ought to be based. He also takes for granted that the Dæmon of Socrates is the same Divine Teacher that Solomon acknowledged ; whereas a careful examination and comparison of what Socrates says of the one and of what Solomon says of the other, has led us to a very different conclusion. He represents the divine element in every man—the combination of reason and conscience, or the Logos speaking to reason and conscience, or the universal reason—as a divine Person, the Son of God. We are, of course, not ignorant that such views were held in the Alexandrian schools ; and that, in support of them, one of the interpretations of (John i, 9) 'The True Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world,' is frequently adduced. Neither are we forgetting the several philosophical and theological arguments offered on behalf of this interpretation. At the same time, we cannot but suppose that Mr. Kingsley is aware of other modes of treating this entire question by minds whose judgments he would respect, and which might have induced a less dogmatic tone in the assertion of the opinion

which he entertains. We stumble, in a similar manner, at the strong language in which he avows his belief of the moral goodness and the divine commission of the prophet of Mecca:—

‘I must, however, first entreat you to dismiss from your minds the vulgar notion that Mohammed was in any wise a bad man or a conscious deceiver, pretending to work miracles or to do things which he did not do. He sinned in one instance; but, as far as I can see, only in that one, I mean against what he must have known to be right. I allude to his relaxing in his own case those wise restrictions on polygamy which he had proclaimed; and yet, even in this case, the desire for a child may have been the true cause of his weakness. He did not see the whole truth, of course, but he was an infinitely better man than the men around, perhaps, all in all, one of the best men of his day. Many here may have read Mr. Carlyle’s vindication of Mohammed, in his ‘Lectures on Hero Worship;’ to those who have not, I shall only say, that I entreat them to do so; and that I assure them, that though I differ in many things utterly from Mr. Carlyle’s inferences and deductions in that lecture, yet that I am convinced, from my own acquaintance with the original facts and documents, that the picture there drawn of Mohammed is a true and a just description of a much calumniated man.’—pp. 144, 145.

All modern writers on Mohammed, in late years, have shown that while his memory has been loaded with absurd eulogies by one party, it has been loaded with not less absurd reproaches by others; but we are of opinion that Mr. Carlyle has followed one of the most favourite impulses too far in the lecture to which Mr. Kingsley here refers. We are at a loss to comprehend what the latter would have us to understand by his ‘own acquaintance with the *original documents*.’ He cannot mean any *Arabian* documents; since in page 165, he says he is not an ‘*Arabic scholar*’; and, indeed, if he were, there are no ‘*original facts and documents* in existence.’ The Koran, indeed, is preserved in the original, of which a copy now lies before us. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, there is a rich collection of Arabic MSS. The earliest writer found in Laud’s MSS. (No. 118) is Al Wadik, who lived more than two hundred years after the Arabian conquest of Syria. Ockley examined it, and used it; Boulainvilliers is not trustworthy; Prideaux is more learned, but he has written with strong prejudices; Gibbon relied on Pococke, D’Herbelot, and Hottinger, on Sale, Maracci, and Savary, the translators of the Korân, and especially on Gaignier, who translated and illustrated Abulfeda and Janani, both comparatively modern Arabic writers; the first an accomplished Syrian of the fourteenth century, and the second a doctor (‘credulous and bigoted,’ Gibbon calls him) of the sixteenth century. Neither of these authors appeals to any writers contemporary with Mohammed, or during the first century of the Hegira. The Arabic

of Abulfeda, with a Latin version by Reiske, was published at Copenhagen. We presume that these works are well known to an author who expresses himself so confidently and authoritatively on his own knowledge. Gibbon's picture of Mohammed, faithfully drawn from these sources, which none will accuse of being coloured by Christian prejudices, displays certain features too broadly to allow us to accept Mr. Kingsley's declaration without stronger evidence than we have yet heard of to support it. And as to his estimate of the 'strength of Islam,' he appears to us to deem too lightly of the Arabian character, and of the sort of appeals made to their master passions in the Korân. Men who really believed the records of Mohammed were surely strong against idolaters, and against corrupt and formal Christians, who in their hearts had no living belief of any truth whatever. And, assuredly, there was a great innate force and a savage virtue among the Arabs of the Desert, of which we are surprised to observe Mr. Kingsley say that they had not discovered it in themselves. Did they not discover it when it was called forth? All these rudiments met in those conquerors. Mohammed's message! Had Napoleon a message from God? If not, why say Mohammed had? And if Mohammed had, what was he commissioned to *do* as well as to teach? in what sense and how far is his religion a divine revelation?

We confess that what Mr. Carlyle has written, and which Mr. Kingsley endorses, strikes us as being, if not thoughtless, one of the confused modes of thinking, which, under the cover of Platonism, obscures men's perceptions of that gospel of which it was the best fruit of Platonism to make men feel their need, but to which the system peculiar to Islam is in fundamental opposition. That Mohammed was an instrument in the hand of God, chastising men, and spreading through the eastern nations the doctrine of His unity, of His righteousness, and of His mercifulness as the Teacher and Father of men, and their final judge, we suppose is not doubted by intelligent Christians. Neither is it doubted that Jesus Christ is in a most glorious sense 'The Light of the World;' but if there be no more light than that which abounded in the world before Messiah's Advent, or which has been cast on the world by the crescent, or which is even now to be found *in every man*, we are at a loss to discern in what consists the worth of the Christian revelation. We do not ascribe the notions common among mankind to the special illumination of the Son of God as our Redeemer. We do not believe that the *capacity* of knowing is knowledge. We have no comprehension of any divine saving knowledge but that which is revealed, or of any mode of being saved by the knowledge which has been revealed, other than that of believing it. The



great fault with which the philosophers in the Christian school of Alexandria have been charged, lay in accommodating these simple truths to the subtle apprehensions of their age and country. When the eloquent and learned Apollos came from Alexandria to Ephesus, 'he taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John;' but it was not till Aquila and his wife, the Jewish exiles from Rome, themselves disciples of Paul, had expounded to him the way of the Lord more perfectly, that he publicly showed that Jesus was the Messiah, and became qualified to 'water' the church which had been planted by Paul at Corinth. The great Christian school of Alexandria was based on the principle of faith according to the Scriptures. 'We rely not on men,' says Clement, in the 'Stromata,' 'who merely give us their opinions, over against which, we, in like manner, may set our own. But if it is not enough merely to give our opinions, if it is necessary to prove what we affirm, we do not wait for the testimony of men, but prove it by the word of the Lord, which is the most certain of all arguments, or rather the only one—the form of knowing, whereby those who have barely tasted of the Scriptures become *believers*, and those who have made greater progress, and become accurately acquainted with the truth, are Gnostics.' (Clem. Strom. vii. 757.) Both Clement and his successor Origen were naturally led by their mental idiosyncrasy, by their education, by their associations, and by the objects they had before them in their writings, to translate the Gospel into the thoughts and the language of their contemporaries, which, as philosophers, was indeed their own language. In this they have been followed in all ages by persons placed in similar circumstances. Thus the scholastic Aquinas pre-eminently constructed a system of theology on the principles of the Aristotelian philosophy, and according to the method of the Aristotelian dialectics. In England, the orderly teaching of theology follows in the track of Bacon, and of Locke. While German theologians are formed on the plan of the philosophy which happens to be in vogue, a slight smattering—and it is but slight—of the German schools finds its way to Britain and America; and even they who have a pious horror of everything Teutonic, and are most respectably ignorant of what they dread, insensibly imbibe their forms of thought and their habits of expression. That the popular teaching of Christianity is most effective for its proper object in the degree in which it abstains, as much as possible, from the intellectual cast which is always derived from the schools, all practical and sensible men in this busy island of ours will be found to agree.

But speculative men there always are; and for them, quite as much as it was for the Alexandrians of the third century, it

seems needful that there should be teachers—*mutatis mutandis*—to guide them, as Clement did his contemporaries, from whatever truths they hold, to a proper perception of what the Gospel is—what it teaches, proposes, and accomplishes. Such teachers need be deeply rooted in the spiritual and practical Christianity revealed in the New Testament, without which their finest speculations are of no more avail than the home-study of astronomy and theoretical navigation would be for the crossing of the ocean; nay, instead of being useful, they are in danger of being substituted for the personal reception of the divine message, and for the living energy of truth believed unto the saving of the soul. It ought not to be difficult to prove this, and to make it plain and impressive. But certainly such warnings come with the best grace, and with greater weight of authority, from those whose own minds are trained in all true discipline, who have sounded the depths and explored the recesses of intellectual activity, who are familiar with the most subtle processes of refined thinking, and who can gather up the analyses, the results, and the applications of all philosophies, and who, as the fruit of all these mental experiences, are competent to see for themselves, so as to make apparent to others, the vast difference between the mind's own workings within itself and those grand truths of fact and of principle which are received on divine authority, as the stars of heaven which alone can guide men to fellowship with God through the One Mediator, and by the power of the One Spirit.

On the other hand, the same prejudices against philosophy, against which Clement had to stand his ground in Alexandria, must be dealt with by the modern theologian, and pretty much in the same way. The Grecian culture was dreaded or despised by Christians in Alexandria in precisely the same spirit and on exactly the same grounds on which philosophical habitudes are assailed by not a few excellent persons in our own day. They said that the apostles and prophets were ignorant of this culture;—that men want faith, not science; that divine revelation is sufficient without the support of that science which the many cannot understand;—and the answers to these objections in the 'Stromata' of Clement are worthy of the study of every Christian scholar, as not only profound, beautiful, and strictly logical in themselves, but as suggesting replies to similar shallow objections at the present time. It is certainly a good thing to christianize philosophy for the behoof of the philosophers; but we would not philosophize Christianity. Still, as all truth is modified by the mind which receives it, we must expect the cultured intellect to see in some of the simplest truths of the Gospel the largest expansions of grand moral principles, and we cannot prevent, nor

ought we to forbid, the attempt to trace these expansions, and to illustrate the harmony of as much truth as man can learn. None are more fully persuaded than we are, that there are truths in the Gospel—vital truths—peculiar and characteristic truths, to which no other field of thought supplies analogies in the present life; and the full development of which in that whole truth which we can now see only in segments and portions, is probably reserved for the intellectual occupation of elevated faculties in unison with pure affections, in the joys of our eternal state.

Let none imagine that we would have the simple preaching of the plain Gospel less frequent or less fervent. We do not know where or by whom it is preached as simply and as fervently as we desire. But, for the most part, this will, in all coming time, be best done, and most successfully, when, either by the same men, or by men of other gifts and severe training, the relation of the Gospel to all truth and all goodness, to all social, national, and international interests, shall be clearly unfolded, winning the assent of the intellect to the Gospel, which purifies the conscience and consoles the heart. It is a glorious thing to awaken men to thoughtfulness; but they must be *kept* awake; and this will be done wisely and safely, not only by the work which so happily characterizes many churches, but also by the nourishing of those deep, healthy habits of daily thought which are the embodiment at once of a philosophy that sees its way, and of a faith which, in the darkness where it tracks no path, is guided by the ever-sounding footsteps of a Guide, who, though unseen, is trusted because He is known and loved.

It is sad to think of the fading forms of obsolete philosophies and theologies. There is an inherent perishableness in all the works of man; his very thoughts perish. One generation walks on the crumbling monuments which another had raised to the glory of that which went before. We forget our father's names. Who now cares about the choice spirits that spread throughout the world the fame of the Ptolemies? or who gathers up the fragments of that holy literature which, from the same shores, flashed forth the light of a Divine Faith along the waters that broke on every coast of the civilized world, or sped its path across the deserts to the worn-out nations beyond the Euphrates or the Tigris? Here and there an antiquary, a bookworm, a solitary student, whose voices, when they speak, are lost in the roar of war, or the hum of commerce, or the song and the dance of mirth. Well! we suppose it is a law of our transitory state. We cannot stop it. We would not. Down all this rushing stream of time there still comes the blessed ark of man's salvation. Happy he who enters. Thrice happy he who, wisely and lovingly, invites all men to enter with him.



ART. V.—*Accidents in Coal Mines.* Reports ‘from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Coal Mines,’ ordered to be printed 22nd June, 1852, and 26th July, 1853.

2. *The Coal Mines; their Dangers and Means of Safety.* By James Mather, Honorary Secretary of the Shields Committee appointed to Investigate the Causes of Accidents in Coal Mines. pp. 102. London: Longman & Co. 1853.
3. *Report of the South Shields Committee appointed to Investigate the Causes of Accidents in Coal Mines.* (Reprinted in the Parliamentary Report for 1852.)

PUBLIC attention is every now and then called to the subject of this article by the occurrence of some frightful calamity, as appalling in its character as railway accidents, and perhaps still more disastrous in its results. Then probably a parliamentary inquiry is undertaken, a great amount of evidence of a somewhat contradictory character is heard, direct testimony as to the causes of explosions being seldom attainable, since those who could give such testimony have generally perished in the fiery deluge; inventions of safety-lamps and plans of ventilation are examined, and the result is that little or nothing is done in the way of practical conclusion or the adoption of remedial measures. Meanwhile, justice is satisfied, a court has been assembled, the case inquired into, and nothing more is thought of the matter until another terrible disaster causes a repetition of the same performance. So the inhabitants on the borders of Etna or Vesuvius forget their dangerous proximity until the flames burst forth and the lava overruns their houses and fields. Perhaps, if the cause were that of the public at large, instead of an isolated class, were the egotism of every one appealed to, as in the case of railway accidents, a more constant agitation might be kept up.

Accidents in mines arise from numerous causes, many of them such as could hardly be prevented by legislative enactments any more than the occasional fall of a sailor from the mast-head or the death of a warehouse porter from that of a cask; but a very large proportion of them arises from causes which at first sight appear to be to a great extent preventible. No less than eighty-six per cent. of the fatal accidents are caused by falls of the roof, explosions, and shaft accidents. There are no less than one thousand deaths from accidents in coal-mines annually, and when we think of the number of men merely injured, as must necessarily happen in the case of such mortality, what a picture of woe is here presented! Of these accidents, falls from

the roof and accidents in the descent of the shaft seldom affect more than a few individuals at a time, and generally escape attention ; but when, as at Wigan lately, the number of lives lost is almost as great as in many a pitched battle, then public feeling is excited.

It will be observed that falls of the roof may or might in many instances be obviated by a better system of propping the roofs ; shaft accidents by improving the mode of descent ;\* and explosions, it is contended, by a system of improved ventilation, and the use of better means of lighting the mines.

Taking the returns of deaths from the reports of the inspectors of mines, from the 21st November, 1850 to the 31st December, 1852, for England, Scotland, and Wales, we have the following results. Deaths from explosions, 645, = 30 per cent. of the whole ; from falls of roof, 744, = 34·7 per cent. ; shaft accidents, 457, = 21·32 per cent. ; from other causes, 297, = 13·86 : the total deaths being 2143.

Although accidents from falls of roof may be in many instances unavoidable, even when the greatest precautions are taken, still they should be carefully investigated lest they arise from an economy careless of life. We are acquainted with one colliery where the expense of propping the roof for many years consumed all the profit even at favourable times. Sliding machinery has been proposed instead of the present precarious mode of descent. But, as we have not space to consider these subjects, which, besides, are of a very technical character, we proceed to the *subject of explosions, their causes, and proposed modes of prevention*, as these have attracted more attention than the other parts of the subject, and include topics of very great interest. The chief cause of explosions in coal-mines is the presence of the light carburetted hydrogen gas, a compound of two atoms or equivalents of hydrogen and one of carbon, or of two parts by weight of the former element and six of the latter, or, as it is said, looking at the bulks of these two bodies which unite, of two volumes of hydrogen gas and one volume of carbon vapour, and these, when they form the pit-gas, condensed into a volume, which is as much as if we were to say that it takes two pints of hydrogen

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\* The modes of descent in use are by the sling, and basket, or *corf*. An unpractised person cannot contemplate either mode without a natural feeling of apprehension. When the Emperor Nicholas, then Grand Duke, visited Wallsend, with the view of descending the mine of that name, he was conducted to the mouth of the pit by the late Mr. Buddle, the eminent viewer, his imperial highness having been previously suitably apparelled. But when he saw the black mouth of the yawning chasm, his courage gave way, and exclaiming, 'My God! it is the very mouth of —!' he speedily resumed his ordinary habiliments and left the place.

gas and one pint of carbon vapour to form one pint of the light carburetted hydrogen.\* The reader will see the meaning of this explanation, as little technical as possible, by and bye. Besides this gas, there are in mines common air, free nitrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, and carbonic acid gases. Of these the sulphuretted hydrogen is inflammable.

The proportions of these gases in the atmosphere of coal-mines vary of course very considerably; sometimes they are nearly absent. Sulphuretted is for the most part present only in minute quantity. All these last-named gases except nitrogen are heavier than common air. Carbonic acid gas, which is often present in considerable quantity, is twice as heavy. The light carburetted hydrogen itself is a little more than half the weight of air. It has been supposed that these gases would assume positions in mines corresponding to their specific gravities; but most of those who have thus reasoned seem to be unacquainted with, or to have lost sight of, what is termed the law of the diffusion of gases, which, indeed, was only discovered at a comparatively recent period. According to this law, gases do not diffuse themselves, like liquids; or, as it is stated, the particles of one gas are as a vacuum to those of another gas; so that a heavy gas will ascend into a light one, and a light gas descend into a heavy gas. This is supposed to be owing to the diminution, or rather destruction, of the principle of cohesion between their particles by the amount of caloric they contain. The consequence is that the light carburetted hydrogen of mines, although it has a tendency to rise to the roofs of passages, does not confine itself to these localities, and where access exists does not escape so readily into the atmosphere as might be supposed from its levity; and the carbonic acid gas evolved in the mine itself, or produced in it from combustion and the respiration of men and horses, is not confined to the lower passages, but generally diffused.†

Besides the power of some of the gases evolved in coal-mines

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\* By many writers on mine accidents from explosion, the light carburetted hydrogen is improperly termed hydrogen,—by George Stephenson, for example. Heavy carburetted hydrogen, or olefiant gas, has not been detected in British mines.

† The beauty of the provision which the law of the diffusion of gases affords for the respiration of men and animals—combustion, &c.—should not be passed over. Were it not for this law, the carbonic acid evolved in these processes would be accumulated at the earth's surface, at least in several places, and animal life and combustion could not there be sustained; but by the law of the diffusion of gases, it is generally diffused, and the nutrition of vegetables which decomposes carbonic acid and restores oxygen, fixing the carbon in the tissues of the plants, is supposed to restore the balance and maintain the standard purity of the atmosphere. But as time is required for this diffusion, the effects of the accumulation of carbonic acid are shown in brewers' vats, and in some natural situations, as the Grotto del Cano.



to produce explosions, they are capable of being injurious in other ways. Thus carburetted hydrogen cannot be inhaled pure for any time. Independently of excluding air, it produces effects somewhat analogous to those of anæsthetic agents like chloroform, of which bodies, indeed, compounds of carbon and hydrogen are most frequently the base. It then produces all the symptoms of narcotic poisoning. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas is one of the most deleterious substances known, and is believed to be the *chief* poisonous ingredient in the gas of sewers, although this may be questioned. Carbonic acid is not merely a narcotic poison, or one which acts by overpowering the functions of the nervous system. When inhaled in the pure form, it seems also to produce a species of strangulation by causing a spasmodic closure of the glottis, or entrance of the windpipe, so that the victim is as it were *bowstrung*. It is in this way that the accidents are believed to be caused when men descend into brewers' vats or other places where this gas exists in a concentrated form. Hence it is well called *choke-damp* by miners and others. In explosions in mines it is often difficult to say how many of the fatal cases which may occur are due to the explosion itself or to the carbonic acid, which is one of the chief constituents of the gases produced by the explosion, or *after-damp*, as they are called; the products of the combustion of carburetted hydrogen being carbonic acid and water. The following passages occur in the 'South Shields Report,' describing a visit paid by some members of the committee to the St. Hilda pit immediately after an explosion:—

'The deadly gas, the resulting product, became stronger and stronger as we approached. We encountered in one place the bodies of five men who had died from the effects of the gas, and had apparently died placidly, without one muscle of the face distorted. Then there were three men that had been destroyed by the explosion; clothes burnt and torn; the hair singed off; the skin and flesh torn away in several places, with an expression as if the spirit had passed away in agony. Going with a single guide we encountered two men, one with a light, the other bearing something on his shoulders; it was a blackened mass, a poor dead burnt boy, he was taking out.'

A little further on they encountered pitmen endeavouring to extract the survivors, but who had been obliged to retire for the present from the effects of the gas in those parts of the mine which they had attempted to penetrate. The symptoms which they are said to have suffered from might have been occasioned either by carburetted hydrogen or carbonic acid, most likely from a mixture of the two. If a portion of the former gas be present greater than the amount of air it meets with can explode, or if the gas continues to issue after the explosion, such will be the constitution of the after-damp.

To what extent these various deleterious gases can be inhaled daily by pitmen with impunity, or without serious derangement of health, it would be impossible exactly to say; but it would be hardly consistent with reason to suppose that this daily inhalation can take place altogether with impunity; and, in fact, the sallow complexions and peculiar physiognomy of these labourers cannot fail to strike the observer.\*

The light carburetted hydrogen gas, the chief source of danger in mines, requires twice its bulk of oxygen gas to burn it completely, that is to say, to convert it all into water and carbonic acid, and as atmospheric air contains one-fifth of its bulk of oxygen, it follows, that when one part of carburetted hydrogen is mixed with ten parts of atmospheric air, the mixture is in the most explosive proportions; beyond that point, too much air, or too much gas, diminishes the explosive power of the mixture. The gas either oozes gradually from the strata of the coal, or rushes out with inconceivable violence. In the latter case it is supposed that the gas has escaped from a state of great compression under the stratification, or perhaps from the liquid form. Often the gas escapes with great force for a long time from a small orifice: this is called a *blower*.

After these premises, let us now speak of the remedies which have been devised for this state of things. These are chiefly the use of safety lamps and means of ventilation, whereby the foul gases may be removed as quickly as possible from the mines.

1st. Of safety lamps.

The first attempt at lighting mines with safety was by what is called the steel mill, a machine by means of which a constant succession of sparks was procured from flint and steel, a most dangerous and imperfect mode; for not only was the light very insufficient, but the sparks were capable of exploding light carburetted hydrogen and air, in the proper proportions. Things were in this state, and explosions constantly occurring, when one of the most unexpected and fatal known took place at Felling colliery, near Newcastle, and attracted an unusual degree of attention. On the 25th of May, 1812, this tremendous explosion occurred in a mine previously considered a model of perfection, both for the purity of its air, and its other arrangements. No accident, except

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\* We have reason to believe that consumption is comparatively rare among pitmen, and cannot help connecting this fact with two others, which for the present we shall assume,—viz., the comparative rarity of the same disease (pure phthisis) in drunkards, and the now admitted curative power of cod-liver oil and fatty substances in this disease. Alcohol and fatty substances have for their bases carburets of hydrogen. Long ago the atmosphere of stables was deemed favourable to phthisical patients. In this case, the effect was attributed to diminution of oxygen.

a slight explosion, reaching two or three pitmen, had ever happened. About half-past eleven in the morning of the day named, the neighbouring villagers were alarmed as with the sound of a cannonade. The subterraneous fire broke forth with two heavy discharges from the shaft called the John Pit, one hundred and two fathoms deep; this was immediately followed by a discharge from what was called the William Pit. The earth trembled for half a mile round the workings, and the sound at the distance of several miles resembled an unsteady fire of infantry. 'Immense quantities of dust and small coal accompanied the blasts, and rose high in the air in the form of an inverted cone. The heaviest part of the ejected matter, such as masses of timber and fragments of coal, fell near the pit; but the dust, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in a continued shower to the distance of a mile and a half; and in the village of Heworth, it caused a gloom like that of early twilight, and so covered the roads that the footsteps of travellers were strongly imprinted on them.'

In describing the appearance of the bodies, the learned writer of this report\* says,—'In one spot were found twenty-one bodies in ghastly confusion; some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they had been baked; one wanted its head, another an arm; but the power of the fire was visible upon all. But its effects were very various; while some were almost torn to pieces, there were others who appeared as if they had sunk down overpowered by sleep.' The total loss from this dreadful explosion was ninety-two lives, 'while forty widows, sixty-six girls, and twenty-six boys, or one hundred and twenty-six persons were deprived of the means of livelihood.' Although quite as fatal calamities have occurred, and some since which have destroyed even more lives, still this accident made the greatest sensation, owing, perhaps, to the very graphic account published of it at the time; and a society was established at Sunderland on the 20th October, 1813, of which Sir R. Milbanke was president, the object of which was to endeavour to find a remedy for these accidents.

One of the first to propose an invention to the committee was the late Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, who, unquestionably, has the merit of having originated the idea of a safety-lamp. An account of his invention was published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1813. It was a lantern in which the air was supplied to the flame by means of a bellows through water, and the products of combustion in like manner were made to pass through water. After this the attention of Sir Humphry Davy and of Mr.

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\* The Rev. Mr. Hodgson, then curate of Heworth, afterwards author of a 'History of Northumberland.'



George Stephenson\* was called to the subject. Mr. Stephenson undoubtedly invented a safety lamp, in which the principle of obtaining safety by allowing access to the flame through capillary tubes was applied, before Davy made known his wire gauze lamp. As with regard to all scientific discoveries, much controversy took place as to the respective merits of the inventors. There need in reality have been little dispute about the matter if each party had not been supported by partisans more eager for their favourite than for truth. There was no doubt of the merit of each of the three inventors. Dr. Clanny originated the idea, and invented a safe lamp too cumbrous for use. Mr. Stephenson and Sir Humphry Davy arrived at the same idea through different processes of reasoning, but the superior practical utility of the wire-gauze lamp of the last-named, caused the palm of pre-eminence to be awarded in his favour.

It is not generally known that Sir Humphry brought forward several ingenious forms of lamps, before his final invention of the wire-gauze lamp. These were his safe lamp, in which the air was made to enter the lamp through concentric canals, and leave it through the same kind of structure; his piston, or blowing lamp, in which the air was forced through small tubes by means of a condensing syringe or bellows; lastly, he had a charcoal lamp, in which pieces of charcoal were kept at a red heat by means of bellows, on the dangerous supposition that it would not inflame in an explosive mixture. In several of these lamps, at first, he certainly does not appear to have had the principle of the wire-gauze in his eye. But in his paper read before the Royal Society on the 9th November, 1815, he was clearly aware of the principle of safety in the use of wire-gauze or capillary tubes, which Mr. Stephenson had practically exemplified at Killingworth pit, on the 21st October. The discovery of the principle in truth belonged to Professor Tennant of Cambridge, who had previously shown that flame would pass along tubes in the relation between their length and breadth, or the shorter the tube, the narrower it required to be, to prevent flame passing; and the longer it was, the wider it might be. But the abstraction, as it were, of this principle—the idea that wire-gauze was merely a mass of such tubes, of the least diameter and shortest length, was certainly entirely due to Sir Humphry Davy.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the invention of the Davy lamp was hailed, and a splendid reward was

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\* Dr. Paris, in his life of Sir Humphry Davy, absurdly terms Mr. George Stephenson, *a Mr. Stephenson*. The thousand guineas which Mr. Stephenson, then an obscure *overman* in a pit, received for his invention from the coal owners, was the foundation of his fortunes.

conferred on its inventor. The coal owners saw in it the means of working mines without further expense, which otherwise would have had to be abandoned, and philanthropists hailed it as a grand triumph of humanity. An experiment, however, performed by Davy himself, and to which he called attention at the time, was sufficient to show how insecure was the lamp in many cases.

In the northern coal mines the coal is generally so saturated with gas, as to give it off abundantly on being simply exposed to the air. If a tube be taken and filled with pieces of coal and water, and then covered in, except a small hole with a glass tube attached to it, and well shaken, gas will escape at the tube; and we have already spoken of those blowers from which the gas issues in such immense quantities. Sir H. Davy, in 1816, fixed a brass pipe half an inch in diameter to the mouth of a walled off blower, which, when lighted, threw its flame the length of five feet. At this blower he found his ordinary gauze lamp, when the lamp was lighted, allowed the flame to pass through and burn on the outside; and he states in his work on flame (p. 102), 'where an explosive mixture is in rapid motion it produces, as has been stated in page 77, much more heat, and in this case the cooling or radiating surfaces of the lamp must be increased, or the circulation of air diminished;' and he recommends, to prevent the effects of such a mixture, the use of twilled gauze, or a double or triple fold of wire-gauze on one side of the lamp, or a screen of metal opposite to the direction of the current, or a semi-cylinder of glass or mica within the gauze. Strange to say, this statement, which amounts, to all intents and purposes, to an admission of the insecurity of the Davy in some of the most formidable contingencies that can arise, was practically ignored for nearly twenty years, and great surprise was created when Mr. Buddle first announced it to the parliamentary committee in 1835. Mr. Buddle then said that Davy on sending him the lamp, 'warned him that there would be no danger, *except in exposing it to a strong current, by WHICH THE EXPLOSION WOULD BE PASSED THROUGH THE GAUZE CYLINDER.*' On that occasion so little was this fearful contingency known, that several extensive practical miners were quite ignorant of it. Since then, it has been repeatedly proved, that in a current of explosive gas, the Davy is liable to explosion. The fact may be exemplified by putting a lamp in the flame of a common gas burner, when, in several instances, the flame will pass through.

A few considerations will show how little the Davy can be theoretically considered secure. When chemists burn explosive gases, as oxygen and hydrogen, they pass them through a cylinder of brass, about six inches long and half an inch internal

diameter, filled with closely packed brass wire, and the whole rivetted home by means of a brass pin driven through the wire; through all this the gas is forced before it is burnt; and although the explosive force of these gases is very great, it is not greater than carburetted hydrogen and pure oxygen, while the *surface* of the Davy exposed to the explosive force is very great. Imagine, then, a sudden burst from a *blower* filling a passage with an explosive mixture, the lamps perhaps already red hot, what is the result to be expected? Sir Humphry's suggestion of a metal shield can be of little real practical value. How is it to be known from what direction the outbreak of gas is to come? The lamp therefore could not be practically safe, unless it were shielded all round, and then what light would it give?

It appears to us, that when accidents have occurred in mines, a false line of argument has often been used in the case of the Davy. Take, for instance, the explosion at Wallsend in June 1835, which killed one hundred and two people. No cause could be positively assigned for the accident, because no one escaped to tell the tale. The inference drawn there, as elsewhere, was, that as the Davy could not be proved to be the cause, it must be held harmless. But as all other causes were excluded by the evidence at the coroner's inquest, there remains a strong probability of the Davy being the cause, according to the views already laid down of its insecurity in certain circumstances. Thus the circumstances detailed in the evidence are, that an extra discharge of gas had taken place the previous day; 'that the Davy fired at the *broken* the day before;' that according to the evidence of John Bell, hewer, 'the day before the accident took place, the pit was in so dangerous a state, that they were obliged to come away. They, himself and five men working with him, extinguished their Davy lamps before leaving, except one man, who reduced his light as small as possible, so as to give them light to find their clothes before leaving. The lamps became red hot, and they extinguished them as soon as possible. On the morning of the explosion, before Bell left work at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the six Davys were on fire.' Two of the lamps were produced at the inquest, and they appeared, according to the coroner, 'to have been subjected to intense heat.' The explosion occurred three hours after Bell left. Other evidence of the same kind was adduced. Here, then, for days, we had the men working with Davys on fire. No naked lamps were used, the men had been cautioned, every precaution was taken, a sudden explosion came, and all trace of the prime cause is lost. As Euclid proves a particular point to be the centre of a circle by excluding other points, the fair presumption is, that the Davy and nothing else was the cause of the explosion.



Independently of this presumptive reasoning, actual proof is given in the 'South Shields Report' of the Davy having caused explosions. There are other objections to the Davy—first, the bad light, which leads to the men taking every opportunity of unscrewing their lamps to procure more light; second, the facility with which the flame can be drawn through, leading to the men lighting their pipes at the lamps. The committee of the House of 1852, in their report, say, 'that where a proper degree of ventilation does not exist in a mine, the Davy lamp or any modification of it must be considered rather as a lure to danger than as a perfect security.'

Numerous efforts have been made to remedy the defects of the Davy; but so far as we are aware only two or three of the numerous lamps invented have come into use. The late Dr. Clanny invented a modification of the Davy. His lamp was a Davy with a cylinder of glass at the lower part instead of gauze. His idea was that a double current of air ascending and descending was created inside the lamp, rendering it less likely for a lateral current to blow through. This lamp is in extensive use. The great drawback is that the glass gets hot, and is apt to be cracked by a drop of water falling on it while in this state.

A lamp has been recently invented by Dr. Glover and Mr. Cail,\* which seems likely to obviate many of the drawbacks of the Davy. Instead of the single cylinder of the Clanny, there is a double one through which the air is drawn to feed the flame. Thus the outer glass is always kept cool, and the whole lamp is much stronger than it would otherwise be. There is also a contrivance by which the flame is extinguished in an explosive mixture. This lamp has received, as the Parliamentary Report for 1853 testifies, very high applause from several practical men.

The VENTILATION OF MINES has been rashly exalted, as if a good ventilation would be a perfect *panacea* for explosions. This is an error, inasmuch as a sudden rush of gas into a well-ventilated mine might be more dangerous than into one containing a large quantity of carburetted hydrogen; because, in the latter case, the gas might not find the requisite quantity of air to explode it. It follows, therefore, that ventilation, however perfect, is not likely ever to supersede the use of safety-lamps or precautions in the lighting of mines. But of the immense importance of ventilation, as conducing to a high average degree of safety and the improvement of the health of the miners, there can be no doubt.

A recent leading article of the 'Times,' in speaking of the miners' petition pointing out the enormous loss of lives in pits,

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\* On a New Safety-Lamp and the Invention of the Safety-Lamp. By R. M. Glover, M.D., F.R.S.E. Journal of the Society of Arts, December 9th, 1853.

and demanding a remedy, treats the subject of ventilation as one of great simplicity ; but it must surely strike even those not conversant with the practical details of the matter, that to ventilate in some cases hundreds of miles of passages and galleries, perhaps at a depth of one thousand or fifteen hundred feet below the surface, can be no such easy task, especially as this must be done with a due regard to economy. If this were not attended to, the working of collieries would often have to be abandoned. In every other occupation endangering life, in practice, a compromise exists between a due regard to the interests of humanity and the obtaining of a fair and reasonable profit from the capital employed. The employment of a sailor or a fisherman might be almost denuded of hazard by unlimited expense ; and perhaps the silver of Potosi would disarm the most fiery mine of the north of all its terrors. To sink an unlimited number of shafts seems easy to the speculative philanthropist ; and as there exists an idea, in the metropolis at least, that coal-owners derive immense profits, whereas in point of fact nothing is more difficult in the generality of cases than to obtain fair returns for the capital invested in coal-mines, blame is often most unworthily ascribed to the proprietors, and schemes are suggested which are impracticable, since to carry them out would entail absolute ruin. The interests of the coal-owners are clearly involved in doing everything that is reasonable to prevent those tremendous explosions which, besides the absolute damage, interrupt so seriously the working of the mine. Notwithstanding, we believe that the unlimited confidence in the safety of the Davy lamp was very injurious by causing too great neglect of ventilation. Thus, in the Report of the House of Commons for 1852, it is truly affirmed that 'too entire a reliance on the Davy lamp appears to have led, in not a few instances, to the neglect of ventilation.'

The mode of ventilation generally adopted is by the rarefaction of air produced by furnaces. Independent of artificial means, there is a ventilation in mines called *natural*. This is due to the increasing heat of the earth in descending. This natural heat rarefies the air at the bottom of the mine, which thus becomes, especially in winter, lighter than the atmosphere at the surface, and ascends. This natural ventilation, however, would do but little. There are in a pit at least two shafts, although these may be constructed in one pit, i.e., a pit may be divided by partitions, or brattices, as they are termed, into two or more divisions. At the bottom of one of these shafts a furnace is built, whose object is to rarefy the air which ascends in the shaft, and which, of course, causes a current which draws the air from all parts of the pit. This shaft is termed the *upcast*. The current of air from the various parts of the mine causes a descending current

of cold air in the shaft at the bottom of which there is no furnace. This shaft is therefore termed *downcast*. Of the numerous contrivances which are requisite to course the air through the galleries and recesses of a coal-mine, only a vague idea can be formed by the general reader. To simplify this system of ventilation, it was long ago proposed to bore drifts at the higher portions of all the galleries and passages, on the supposition that the carburetted hydrogen itself, from its levity, would find a passage to the atmosphere, and thus form a number of natural upcasts, which would cause a descent from the air to fill the vacuum. But this notion, which appeared so simple, was entertained in ignorance of the complicated composition of the gas of coal-mines, and of the law of diffusion of gases, which would render the ascent of the carburetted hydrogen much slower than was supposed, and without due consideration of the enormous expense.

In considering the subject of ventilation in further refutation of the notion that a perfect ventilation will utterly preclude all chance of explosion, it should be borne in mind that some of the impurities of the air of coal-mines tend to diminish the explosive power of mixtures of atmospheric air and carburetted hydrogen. Thus it is stated in the 'South Shields Report':—

'One part of carbonic acid will destroy the inflammability of seven parts of a carburetted hydrogen explosive mixture, and one part of nitrogen six parts of the same mixture; and that in an extensive mine of 150 to 200 men, with 40 to 60 horses, and a corresponding number of lights, each man alone, in respiration, giving off every minute twenty-six cubic inches of carbonic acid gas of the mine, in addition to the free nitrogen, with a proportionate increased quantity of both these products from horses and lights, in addition to the immense amount of the natural carbonic acid gas of the mine; it is clearly evident that all these anti-inflammable products will diminish considerably the explosive capacity of a lengthened column. . . . These reasons will explain sufficiently that in long courses it is a vitiation, rather than a dilution, of the carburetted hydrogen that produces the less explosive capacity of the column. . . . The easy destruction of explosive mixtures by anti-inflammable gases, abundant, or easily and inexpensively produced in the mines, might, in many situations . . . be effected, it is probable, by a proper application of skill and ingenuity.'

After the introduction of the furnace system, for some time the air was only coursed round the outer workings of the mine, stopping the inner workings, so as to preclude them from a proper supply. Mr. Spedding, of Workington, in 1760, first coursed the air through all the workings of the mine. He did this by so directing the current of air by doors and stoppings as to turn all the passages into one vast air tube—a labyrinth of circuitous pipe,



as it were, through which the air was made to circulate through many miles of passages from the mouth of the downcast to the top of the upcast. Of course, in such a long progress, the current was often slow. Two great improvements were invented by the late Mr. Buddle, of Wallsend, about the beginning of this century, which may be almost said, as far as the great principles are concerned, to have perfected the furnace system. 1st. Instead of passing the whole of the extracted air from the mine right over the furnace, whereby, of course, great risk of explosion occurred in many cases, he caused the returns from the foul parts of the mine to enter the upcast shafts, by what is termed a dumbdrift, at a height considerably above the furnace, so that while the current from the furnace carried them upwards, they did not come in direct contact with the fire ; and 2nd, partly to effect this, and partly to shorten the courses of air, he split, by various partitions, the passages of the mine into several series of passages between the downcast and the upcast, so that, in point of fact, instead of the mine forming one tube between the two shafts, it became several.

By the furnace system, in many instances, even in the most complicated mines, very powerful effects are produced. Thus a difference of temperature of no less than 140 Fahrenheit has been observed between the air in the upcast and that of the interior of the mine, and the current produced is very powerful ; but, according to Mr. Buddle, the average velocity of the current is only three or four feet per second ; and, as the explosive gas often rushes out at the rate of thirty feet per second, the inadequacy of such a current to remove it may be conceived ; that is to say, in cases where the rush is long continued. Sometimes the rush of gas is such as no extent attainable by the furnace system could remove, so as to prevent the risk of explosion.

Our space does not admit of a discussion of the merits or demerits of the furnace system at greater length. It is clear that its range must have a limit. The air cools as it expands, and at length will acquire a density similar to that of the air it encounters. In a word, the presumed insufficiency of the furnace system has led to the proposal of Mr. Gurney to employ the *steam-jet* for the purpose of ventilation.

This plan consists in forcing high pressure steam through jets placed at various portions of the upcast shaft, whereby it is alleged that a much more powerful current can be forced along the upcast than by mere furnace ventilation. The plan is to cause a quantity of jets from a boiler with high pressure steam to issue in the shaft so as to *propel* the air before them, and cause a current. Very few details are requisite in the carrying out of this plan ; all that is essential is that the jets should be in sufficient size and number for the space they are placed in.

Thus, according to Mr. Mather, each jet should not operate on a column of air larger than one-eighth of a foot, or at the most one-sixth foot area, or the jets should be placed about a foot distance from each other. The committee for 1852 state in their Report :—

‘ Previous to 1848, when Mr. Forster introduced the steam-jet into the Seaton Delaval mine, the fire-damp was constantly seen playing around the face and edges of the goaves and other parts of the workings ; since that period the mine is swept so clean that it is never observed, and all danger of explosion is removed in a very fiery mine. The increase of ventilation is from 53,000 cubic feet per minute under the furnace system to 84,000 under the steam-jet ; and to double that quantity, which Mr. Forster considers sufficient, would, he says, only require the application of some extra jets.’

According to Mr. Mather, the highest velocity of the current produced in the upcast by the furnace system was seventeen miles an hour ; whereas, by the steam-jet a velocity of twenty-three miles has been produced. One of the most remarkable instances of the application of the steam-jet was to the St. Hilda pit, near South Shields. We shall let him tell the result in his own words :—

‘ Perhaps the most striking results of all have been produced by the steam-jets at St. Hilda’s pit, South Shields, which have lately been successfully completed. They have cleared out the pit where no other power, without desperate risk and enormous cost, could have done it. Let us detail these results :—Depth of shaft, about 850 feet ; extensive series of old workings, at least in passage extent, 75 miles, amounting to upwards of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  millions of cubic feet. This mine was so full of gas that no naked light was allowed to approach the shaft. Upon the 31st of December, 1852, as a man was carrying a shovel of burning coals, upwards of twenty feet from it on the surface, the gas from the pit caught fire at the burning coals, and in a mass of flame darted into the shaft, forming a blazing area of upwards of ninety-eight feet. It thus blazed for four hours, darting into the atmosphere in flames sometimes forty feet high, burning down all within reach. Had it descended into the mine and exploded the fourteen millions of cubic feet of gas, it would have shook a portion of South Shields as with an earthquake. Fortunately, no atmospheric air had descended into the workings to form one of the most tremendous explosive mixtures in the world. Since then the pit has been a waste, and the connexion made between Harton pit and St. Hilda’s enabled the gas also to escape into the workings of the former, which once or twice threatened to blast at the furnace there. On one occasion they were obliged to put out the furnace.’

Under these circumstances, the action of the steam-jet was employed to draw the gas out of the mine. Sixteen jets were erected at the top of the upcast shaft, of a quarter and three-eighths of an inch diameter, each surrounded by an iron cylinder eleven

inches in diameter, and six feet high. Changes from time to time were made in the number and position of the jets; and on the 21st of June, the mine was completely clean. So satisfied were the committee of 1852 of the superiority of the steam-jet system of ventilation, that they did not hesitate to express their opinion in its favour, almost in as strong terms as their conviction of the insecurity of the Davy lamp. But a series of experiments made since then, and stated before the committee of last session, have thrown doubt upon this superiority. An elaborate paper on the subject, by Mr. Nicholas Wood, is printed in the Report of the Committee. We have not room to quote his experiments; but the conclusions are, that neither as a substitute for furnace ventilation, nor as an auxiliary mode, is the steam-jet available; and that the good effects ascribed to the steam-jet were really due to the extra furnaces thus employed. Mr. Wood, we presume, considers such a case as that of St. Hilda altogether exceptional. Mr. Mather, in the work before us, points out several defects, as he considers, in the mode in which Mr. Wood's experiments were performed; and the whole question will doubtless be thoroughly sifted in the committee at present sitting.

The ventilation of coal mines, then, does not present that simplicity which the writer in the 'Times' deems to exist. It is a complicated problem; and the owners of coal mines and their engineers should not be rashly taxed with undue neglect of the interests of their workmen, because they cannot at once succeed in so difficult a task. In the present state of the question, it is not easy to suggest legislative remedies for the accidents which occur in coal mines. We should be inclined to recommend principally, the appointment of additional government inspectors; for at present it is almost impossible for these gentlemen to inspect all the mines under their charge; and to assist in every way the establishment of local institutions for teaching practical science; in which, of course, the sciences connected with mining would form a principal part. The diffusion of knowledge of this kind among workmen as well as their superiors, and a systematic inspection of mines on the part of the government inspectors, who would act upon information received with regard to the state of mines, would, it appears to us, in time reach the removable evils. The interests of the workmen would quicken their vigilance, and in case of any refusal on the part of owners and their agents to comply with the suggestions of the inspectors, a heavy responsibility should be made to rest upon them.

Of the works referred to at the head of this article, the South Shields Report, and his own work, reflect infinite credit on Mr. Mather. The former work—more complete than most parliamentary reports—contains the labours of himself and some



private gentlemen who devoted themselves for years to the investigation of accidents in coal mines from a simple sentiment of philanthropy. Both as secretary to that committee, and in other labours connected with the subject, that has been the sole motive of Mr. Mather.

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ART. VI.—*Travels on the Shores of the Baltic. Extended to Moscow.*  
By S. S. Hill. 12mo. pp. 266. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THE appearance of this volume is opportune. The matter of which it consists formed the early portion of a narrative of which the subsequent chapters have already appeared in a separate form. At the time when Mr. Hill published his 'Travels in Siberia,' little interest attached to the countries bordering on the Baltic Sea. The case, however, is now different. The presence of an Anglo-French fleet in those waters has directed the attention of our countrymen to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland; and Mr. Hill has been encouraged by this fact to put out the present volume. Its texture is so slight, the fresh information it communicates is so scanty, and the observations interspersed are so hasty and superficial, that the work would scarcely have commanded attention had it not been for the circumstance we have referred to. In the actual condition of affairs, however, we are glad to receive the report of any honest traveller. Works which might otherwise have been overlooked are now regarded with interest. We want to know all that can be learnt respecting the kingdoms bordering on the seat of the war. Sooner or later they must be involved in the struggle, and it is therefore of importance to obtain credible information respecting them, so as to estimate the probabilities of their future course. Mr. Hill's work was written prior to the breaking-out of the war, and it has the advantage, therefore, of being free from the prejudices to which that event has given rise. This is indeed partially counterbalanced by the sympathy it evinces with the undue estimation of Russian resources which recently prevailed throughout Europe. The tone of the work is dispassionate, and the testimony it yields is not wholly discreditable to our opponent.

The author appears to have intentionally concealed the time of his travels. We wish he had been more explicit on this point. From incidental passages we infer that it is some years since he visited the regions described. It is due to him to remark that he makes no pretensions to research or philosophy. In this

respect his volume contrasts pleasingly with those of many of his contemporaries. What he saw, he records, but his chapters need the stimulus supplied by passing events, in order that they should obtain general attention. 'To convey,' he modestly says, 'anything more than the impressions of a summer tourist, concerning persons and things as they passed before his eyes, open only upon what amused him by its novelty, or excited his interest as characteristic of the customs, and manners, and mode of thinking of the people among whom he was travelling, this volume has no pretensions.'

We shall say little respecting the earlier portion of Mr. Hill's narrative, as it pertains to countries with which we are already familiar, or to which no special interest attaches at the present moment. We are glad to be assured that the inhabitants of Copenhagen do not retain those feelings of bitter hostility towards our country which some passages in our former intercourse are adapted to engender. On one occasion Mr. Hill expressed to several intelligent Danes his gratification at this fact, and was assured that the impression prevalent amongst us was wholly unfounded, 'and such only as could be entertained by anyone who was very slightly acquainted with their countrymen generally.' The English language he found to be an indispensable part of a genteel Danish education, and our history and general literature to be extensively studied. Passing from Denmark and Sweden we come to Finland, of which several notices are given, that possess at the present moment considerable interest. Approaching Abo, the ancient capital, the vessel threaded a serpentine and intricate passage, 'forming an archipelago, extending from the Aland group to the continental shore.' The sea was studded with islands of all forms and dimensions, and the general impression conveyed is that of extreme danger to an inexperienced mariner.

'The hills of Finland,' says our author, 'are not of any considerable elevation, except the range in the northern region, called the Manselk mountains, which rise to a height of between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Neither the climate, necessarily severe in these latitudes, nor the dense fogs which prevail in spring and autumn, have prevented the cultivation of the soil; and in the southern districts, the valleys produce rye and oats, and excellent flax, and some hemp; and throughout the country there is much pasture-land upon which is raised sufficient food for the whole of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, the riches of Finland lie rather in her mineral productions, her natural forests, and her fisheries, than in the produce of the soil. These resources have enabled the inhabitants, deprived of so many of the advantages of the people of more favoured climates, to engage in commerce, through the means of which they have attained a degree of civilization beyond that usually found in countries so disadvantageously

situated for improvement and progress. Their fisheries indeed supply them with an article of food in such abundance, as to render them almost independent of climate and soil.

‘The Finns seem to bear no resemblance to the Teutonic and Sclavonic races, either in language, feature, or character. They are generally of a middle size, and robust, with light hair and grey eyes, and a very little beard. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of the coasts of the gulf of Bothnia are found mingled with the Swedish race, whose manners and dress, and even language to some extent, they have adopted, while those of the opposite extremity of the country equally partake of the corresponding traits in the character of the Russian race.

‘It is said that the pure native race of Finland possess a remarkable genius for poetry, that this is almost universal with them, and that much oral poetry of ancient date is still extant throughout the land. If this be really so, it is to be regretted that a Macpherson has not yet appeared among them.

‘Though Finland is now a Russian province, still the country retains in its internal affairs its ancient form of government, of a diet consisting of four chambers classed in the same manner as those of Sweden, with also its established code of laws, and proper judicial system. Even the regular taxes are still imposed by the diet.

‘There are no serfs among the Finns; and the people are without that classification generally which forms so remarkable a feature in the institutions of their present masters. They were pagans up to the middle of the twelfth century, at which epoch they were conquered by the Swedes, from whom they received the Christian religion, and, with the exception of those portions of them that are mingled with the Russians and have embraced the Russian church they are all Lutherans.’—pp. 108-110.

The town of Abo formerly contained about 13,000 inhabitants, but its population is now reduced to less than half that number. The streets are broad and tolerably uniform, but there is little to arrest the attention or minister to the pleasure of a visitor. Leaving Abo, our author navigated the Gulf of Finland, the north side of which is studded with Russian fortifications. Approaching the town of Helsingfors, he notices the Russian style of the buildings, as well as a series of strong forts defending the approach. Our readers are doubtless aware that behind these forts the Russian men-of-war now elude the Anglo-French fleet, and will not be displeased with the following brief account of the defences to which they trust:—

‘The town of Helsingfors is built upon a peninsula, or promontory, and more immediately defended by the two forts of Braberg and Ulricabourg, placed on the main land within the port, which is said to be capable of admitting sixty or seventy line-of-battle ships, all riding at anchor under the cover of these forts. The proper strength of the place, however, lies in the magnitude of its outer defensive works, which are of the most formidable description, and go under the general



term of the fortresses of Sveaborg. They occupy no less than seven islands, several of which are united by bridges. Casemates appear to be formed in them for no less than 6000 or 7000 small arms; and the united fortresses are said to mount 800 cannon, and to possess a garrison of 12,000 men. Some of these formidable works are formed by cutting and fashioning the solid rock; and there are magazines, arsenals, and barracks both upon one of these islands and upon the mainland. There are even docks upon the same tongue of land upon which the town stands, that have been partly cut out of the solid rock.

'On the morning after landing, we set out at an early hour to make a little survey of the town. This new seat of the provincial government of Finland, presents a remarkable instance of energy and progress. Thirty years ago it was a mere fishing village; but on account of the advantages of its position, it was chosen for the seat of the government of the province; and, already, it possesses all the public buildings and institutions which usually characterize and embellish the capital of a great province. Its population amounts to about 12,000 souls.'—pp. 114, 115.

Sailing thence to Cronstadt they shot rapidly by the outer batteries which guard the entrance of the port, and 'by a narrow channel enter the broad sheet of inland water, which forms the basin of the river Neva, or bay of Cronstadt, and at the upper extremity of which is seated the modern capital of the Russian empire.' The examination to which they were now subjected was inquisitive and severe, so far at least as the commercial voyagers were concerned. 'After a close examination of several of the travellers indiscriminately, in the order in which their names happened to be written on the list that had been handed in by the captain, my turn arrived. Only two questions, however, were put to me. I was first asked what were my objects in visiting Russia. To which I replied in the words of my passport, "for health and amusement;" and the answer seemed to be satisfactory. I was then asked whether I had brought any introductory letters to St. Petersburg. To which question I replied, by throwing several that I held in my hand down upon the table. Upon this, one of the officials, after taking them up, handed them to the chief inquisitor, who, I believe, copied the address of but one only. They were then returned to me; and I was permitted to retire, without further question, to the deck of the ship, leaving my passport in the safe custody into which it had fallen.'

Mr. Hill availed himself of the introductions he had brought to obtain an insight into the fortress of Cronstadt; and as considerable interest now attaches to this place, we shall avail ourselves freely of his report. Cronstadt, as our readers are aware, is an island, and our author proceeded thither by a small steamer, which made the passage in less than two hours:—

'Bending our steps,' he says, 'towards the water-side, after passing the custom-house, the arsenal and a college of cadets, we reached the merchants' harbour, which is one of three connected basins that form the port; the other two of which are called the middle harbour and the man-of-war harbour. Here we engaged a boat, in which we rowed through the shipping to the quay and bastions, which front the sea. Upon mounting this bulwark of the town and the port, we came upon a broad rampart constructed of wood, upon a base of solid granite, forming as necessary a defence against the assault of the restless waves, as the guns with which it is mounted form against any attack from an enemy's fleet.

'There is nothing connected with the island of Cronstadt, that is not before the eye of the observer from one part or other of these ramparts. The island itself occupies nearly a middle position between the southern and northern shores of the bay of the Neva; or is about six miles from the shores of Cavelia on the northern side, and four from those of Ingria on the southern. It is about seven miles in length, but does not average more than a mile in breadth. It lies nearly parallel to the coasts on either side; and the town, with its fortresses and basins, is situated at its south-eastern extremity. It was originally no more than a loose bed of sand and morass, strewed with masses of granite rock, such as are found in most low countries where there is much floating ice, which has doubtless, at some period or other, been the means by which they have been transported from coasts where the granite cliffs are exposed to frosts, that from time to time sever the masses from the solid rock.

'The conversion of this barren waste into a flourishing seaport town with a fine harbour was, of course, a work begun by Peter the Great; for what is there that is worthy of being preserved in this empire that had not its origin with Peter, whose successors indeed have completed almost without exception all that this extraordinary man commenced, while they have at the same time continued the policy that introduced Russia into the family of European nations.

'Notwithstanding the breadth of either arm of the bay, that on the north side of the island is too full of rocks and shoals, and the channel too narrow, intricate, and shallow, to admit vessels of any considerable burden.

'We saw, however, several sloops, possibly fishing vessels, taking this course, while we stood upon the bastions. Upon the south side appear the same shoals and rocks; but the channel which here sweeps by the south-east point of the island, though intricate and narrow, is deep enough to admit the largest ships as far as the basin which forms the port.

'Peter the Great erected fortifications both upon the island of Cronstadt and upon other sites commanding the entrance to the bay by the south channel, from which have arisen a series of defensive works, which, aided by the natural position of the island, renders Cronstadt, if not, as it has even been supposed by some, impregnable, at least one of the most formidable fortresses of modern times. Being encompassed by banks and shoals, and to be approached only by narrow

channels, its position has afforded sites for many strong forts, of which no less than six have been erected upon shoals, sand banks, and rocks lying even with, or below, the surface of the water, and within the cross fire from which every vessel of any considerable burden must pass.

‘From the mole upon which we are now standing, all the fortresses which defend the approaches to the Neva are under our view. At this point Fort Menzikoff rises above the barrier against the sea, with four tiers and 44 guns, which can rake the channel by which every vessel must approach. Immediately opposite this, on the south side of the channel, rises the great fort of Cronslott, formed of granite and timber, from a small island at the extremity of the shoals stretching out from the shore on this side, and mounting 56 guns in casemates and 32 in *barbette* (uncovered).

‘The next fort, west of the bay, is that of Peter the First, which is seen rising out of the water in a similar manner to that of Cronslott, and is built wholly of granite, and mounts 28 guns in casemates and 50 in *barbette*. Beyond this, in the same manner, rises Fort Alexander, also of granite and casemated, with four tiers, and 116 guns; and yet further west, is Fort Constantine, of 25 guns in a single tier. The sixth fort is that of Risbank, built of granite and timber, and rising upon the south side of the channel, and, though yet unfinished, intended to mount 60 guns in two tiers.

‘On the west side, the town is defended by ramparts and a deep ditch, and on the north by ramparts and bastions and twelve batteries, and at the north-east point where the pier projects, by sixteen guns in casemates. On the east, where there is but three feet of water within guns’ range, there are ramparts, but no batteries.

‘The island itself is defended by a fort called Fort Peter, and by two batteries, all upon the south side, in the rear of the forts which guard the channel, and by Fort Alexander upon the north side, and by redoubts and lines near its extremity.’—pp. 175-178.

As the water between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt is shallow, a singular device is employed to float the men-of-war constructed at the former place down to the latter. This device consists of an enormous frame called *verbluid* (camel), which is sunk in the dock containing the newly launched ship. The ship is then run into this frame, which is afterwards closed up and pumped dry. As the water is thrown out the enormous frame lifts up the ship, until its draught is sufficiently diminished to allow of its being transported to Cronstadt, where it is equipped. The town consists of two parts, one containing the offices connected with the admiralty, and the other properly commercial. The population during the six months that the harbor is closed, does not exceed 10,000, but during the remainder of the year, when commerce is active it is computed at 30,000, exclusive of the garrison and the seamen afloat.

Some time was of course devoted to an examination of the lions of St. Petersburg, but there is little novelty in the informa-



tion given. The following is amongst the most notable of our author's records:—

‘The first thing that strikes the stranger, after his eye has dwelt for some time upon the prospect before him, is the display of paintings suspended from the walls of the houses, or covering almost every shutter, from the ground floor, sometimes, even to the highest *appartement* of the buildings; and, at the same time, the paucity of writing, to indicate the trades and professions of the citizens. These paintings are, perhaps, the first of the traits of the character and customs of the middle ages surviving in Western Europe, which the traveller will observe in Russia, and of which the barber's pole seems the last relic in this way left among ourselves. Thus, here, as well as in other parts of the town, the trades and avocations of the tenants of the different *appartements* of the buildings are significantly indicated by these signs. Instead of disfiguring the fronts of the houses by large bow-windows for the exhibition of the tradesmen's wares, as in our great thoroughfares, almost every article for sale, even upon the ground floor, is represented in these indicative paintings. If, for instance, we would purchase groceries, it is not necessary that we should be so learned as to read the Russian equivalent for our term to guide us; we have only to look out for a sign, and we shall not search long before we find a picture with tea-chests and sugar-hogsheads, very likely accompanied by amusing drawings representing the production of their contents, from the negro grinding the cane, and the Chinese rolling the tea-leaves, till they severally become articles of commerce in retail; and even up to the shopman vending them from behind the counter within. If we wish to buy shoes, we have but to look about till we see the painting of some aproned artisan, probably a story or two high, busily at work with the awl, while another is represented in the act of trying on. If we want a cup of coffee or tea, we soon find a shutter crowded with the representation of coffee-pots, tea-pots, and cups and saucers, and have only to enter, to be served with some of the best in the world, of tea especially. If we desire to refresh ourselves with a glass of wine, a dozen painted bottles meet our eye in a moment; and we see waiters pouring out the generous beverage, and bibblers holding up the sparkling glass to search for the insect's wing, which certain *bons vivants* among us are so delighted to discover. A London alderman, indeed, could not walk up the Nevski Perspective, without discovering as many indications of good substitutes for turtle, if not of the shelled amphibious animal itself, as might reconcile him to any reasonable term of banishment from the table of the Lord Mayor. Horses, carriages, equipages of every kind figure here; in short, everything for sale or hire, from a pin to a column of marble, or from a go-cart to an equipage fit for an emperor; and, for all which, indeed, I felt quite as grateful, during my stay in the Russian capital, as every simple peasant must be, that from his cloddy occupation, finds his way to the metropolis of his country. More than once, indeed, when unattended by a cicerone, I had to draw the tradesman from behind his counter to point out the article I was in want of, from among the many that were upon his sign;

and it may be said, to the credit of the Russian artists, that much more rarely than might be expected is a painting mistaken by the passenger for the representation of any other thing than that for which it is intended; at least, only one instance came within my experience. Upon this occasion, I was in company with a friend, and when we had pointed out to the shopman what we thought represented a pair of gloves, he presented us with a pair of breeches. But the mistake was easily corrected; for such is the discernment natural to all who profit by their intelligence, that we had only to thrust our hands instead of our legs into the breeches, and we were understood in a moment.'—pp. 130-132.

Mr. Hill's opportunities of examining the society of the Russian capital were not great, and being chiefly confined to the foreign residents, did not, of course, afford subjects for extensive observation. The only conversation which he records is singularly indicative of the policy which has at length arrayed the powers of Western Europe against the Czar. Having, in a conversation with a 'native merchant of the first reputation,' referred to St. Petersburg as the capital, he was told, that neither Petersburg nor Moscow was the capital of Russia; and on asking where then the capital was, and what might be its name, he was informed, 'with the confidence,' he says, 'of an advancing general after victory: "Our capital is Constantinople."' Such has long been the impression of the Russian people; not of the military only, but also of the commercial class. How far the expectation will be realized remains to be seen. We have no great faith in the permanent maintenance of the unity of the Turkish empire; but the signs of the times just now are not favorable to the ambitious policy of Russia.

From St. Petersburg, Mr. Hill proceeded to Moscow, a distance of about 530 miles. 'Nothing,' he tells us, 'can present a greater contrast than the scenes we were leaving and those that were now before us—between the interior of the Russian capital and the gloomy morass by which the showy city is nearly surrounded.' Many of our readers will probably be surprised at the following:—

'Everything is full of religion in some form or other in Moscow. Even in the most ordinary street scenes, you have continually before your eyes the acts of reverence or worship paid by the people to some symbol of their faith that they pass by. Every Moscovite uncontaminated or unchanged by his intercourse with foreigners, doffs his hat and crosses himself before every church, cathedral, chapel, altar, or picture of any saint which he passes, and makes some additional sign of reverence, according to the degree of his zeal, or the amount of respect which he entertains for the particular saint to which the church or altar is dedicated, or which the picture represents. Thus, after the ordinary reverence of removing the hat, and making the sign of the

cross, where there is something to excite a little more than common respect, the party turns towards the object of his sentiment and bows; or, if his zeal should exceed the ordinary degree, the knee is also bent. But where there is anything in the object of reverence to excite still greater respect, the coolest will bend the knee, and the more devout drop down on both knees, and say a prayer, and afterwards kiss the ground.

‘Very often persons are seen performing these acts of devotion where there is no church to be seen, and no object visible that might be supposed to be the cause of their pious exercises. This, however, is usually done in reverence to some church shut out from the view, or to some sacred spot of ground, where an altar has at some time stood. For the ground, wherever it may be, where there has once been an altar upon which the host has rested, is for ever holy, and is, whether seen or unseen, always kept within an enclosure, and never suffered to be built upon or tilled.’—pp. 245, 246.

We are sorry to find, that in this city, as well as in the other towns of Russia, inebriety prevails to a lamentable extent. The inferior classes indulge in this ruinous habit at all times, and even on occasions when our countrymen cautiously guard against it. The Russian drunkard, however, Mr. Hill informs us, ‘is the best-natured fellow in the world, and sometimes so droll that it is impossible to entertain the same disgust which we feel for those whose quarrels or noises disturb us.’

‘The day,’ says Mr. Hill, ‘I visited the cathedral of St. Basil, four drunken fellows were rolling about before the church, under the protection of one woman, who, judging from her actions, appeared to be trying to persuade them to roll towards their homes. The drunkards, however, preferred making an attempt to enter the church; but not being able to mount the steps which led to the door, they seated themselves upon the last step, face to face, and began to tell tales. The good woman, who evidently regarded their touching the steps as a desecration of the holy place, now rebuked them severely; upon which, they turned upon their knees and crossed themselves, and kissed the step above them, and appeared to say their prayers. In this position we left them when we entered the cathedral. But after half an hour, when we came out, we found them acting the same farce in the public place of the Kitai Gorod, and directly in front of the “holy gate” of the Kremlin, and without attracting the smallest attention from anyone.’—p. 248.

These extracts will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the value of Mr. Hill’s volume. We do not estimate it very highly, but, in the absence of better information, we are glad to avail ourselves of its pages. It is a volume of light and pleasing reading, which, without satisfying the inquiries of an intelligent reader, contributes something towards the knowledge which all now covet, and which, in a more definite and satisfactory form, will yet be communicated, we hope, to our countrymen.



ART. VII.—*Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie; selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts.* By Cecilia Lucy Brightwell. London: Longman & Co.

THE name of Mrs. Opie is connected with our earliest recollections of literature, or at least that description of it which has of late years set in upon us like a flood—namely, fiction. Her stories, we can remember, were always excepted, when a disposition to prefer a novel above every other kind of book provoked a warning against the perusal of such things, or a general statement of their pernicious tendencies. Her ‘Illustrations of Lying,’ for example, was regarded as a book which was not to be classed among mere story books, but a highly useful and edifying production. And such we might be disposed to call it now, although to our boyish imaginations, filled with the wonders of the ‘Castle of Otranto,’ and that tremendous, melo-dramatic affair, the ‘Romance of the Forest,’ it appeared tedious and tame. The authoress, whose works, then popular enough, were thus placed in our hands, always rose up before us as a sedate, if not demure, lady about middle age, whose delight it was to write books solely for the purpose of putting out our old romantic favourites. The time came when Mrs. Opie’s tales were no longer popular. There are fashions in regard to books, which change just as the shape of dress and the style of ornaments do, and accordingly the stories of our authoress went out along with those of Hannah More, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, and others. Scott came, with his magic mirror, in which the characters and events of the past were reflected with a vividness that called public sympathy away from the things of the present, and centred it upon historic scenes and heroes. The romantic, in his hands, ceased to be the thing made up of old armour in gloomy castles, such as Mrs. Radcliff had given us. It was a living and breathing thing, and the reader of fashionable fiction held companionship with the men and women of the middle ages. Then there came a reaction from this. The heroes and heroines of the novelist were no longer knights of the tilt-yard, the greenwood, and the battle-field, or ladies for whose love they broke a lance and buckled their armour on. They emerged, at the call of Charles Dickens, from the ‘slums;’ they were of the Alsatian type, and talked slang, or belonged to the common order of every-day humanity. And working in the same field with Dickens, though in a totally different way, came the other semi-satirical novelists, the writers who chose politicians for their heroes, and those who made the interest of their books depend

upon the development of character subjectively rather than upon striking and stirring incidents.

Amid these changes, the world had well-nigh forgotten Mrs. Amelia Opie, and when the announcement of her death appeared in the public journals about a year ago, no doubt many were surprised to hear that she had lived till then. She seemed so much an old world personage—a character of the past generation—that comparatively few knew of her existence. There were, no doubt, some peculiar circumstances in the life of Mrs. Opie to account for her almost total disappearance from public view for many years before her death, and these are the things which give the volume before us its chief interest. Otherwise it is not very remarkable. As a literary production it is creditable for the truthful representation which it gives us of the lady with whose life it makes us acquainted. That life was unusually prolonged, and even although it had been much less eventful than it was, it would have been fitted to suggest some very interesting reflections. Begun before the French Revolution shook the world, and extending over an important period of European history, it presents a number of interesting circumstances. Mrs. Opie, in the days of her celebrity, mixed in the society of remarkable men and women. She corresponded with not a few of them, and her circle of friends embraced persons of all ranks and of every variety of character—royal dukes, statesmen, bishops, players, Quakers, poets, and painters. She entered upon the world as a prodigy; and being an only child, and motherless at the age of fifteen, she was thus early called upon to superintend the household of her father, Dr. Alderson, a physician of some note in Norwich. The family of our authoress was one of considerable repute. The present Baron Alderson is her cousin, and several other relatives, near or distant, have distinguished themselves in society.

Mrs. Opie's father appears to have been a man of a genial disposition and an active mind. He held what were then considered extreme liberal or radical opinions, and doubtless influenced to some extent the mind of his daughter. Early development contributed with other circumstances to render Amelia's tastes somewhat peculiar. When a mere girl she took especial delight in visiting lunatic asylums, and in attending the assizes held in her native town. She was brought into association with the Gurneys, and other celebrated 'Friends,' too, and their peculiarities and benevolence served in some measure to gratify her love of sentiment and her rather romantic tastes. In curious inconsistency with friendships such as these was Miss Alderson's early acquaintance with John Philip Kemble, and other members of the celebrated histrionic family. This friendship seems to have

resulted from her love of the drama, which manifested itself so strongly, when she was little more than eighteen, that she wrote a tragedy, which the biographer informs us is still extant. She seems to have attempted song-writing, too, but not with much success. It was not until she had fully reached the years of womanhood that any work of real value was produced. She visited London when in her twenty-fifth year, and some time before she was known as an authoress. Her tastes and early associations, however, led her into the literary society of the metropolis, and her diaries furnish us with sketches of some of the celebrated men of the time. These are graphic enough in one or two instances, but the persons to whom they refer have almost all been portrayed in a more felicitous and characteristic manner by others. The trials of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Holcroft, took place while Miss Alderson was moving in the literary and political, or at least semi-political circles of London, and to one who had imbibed strong opinions, these were, of course, matters of no ordinary importance. Her sketches of the scenes she then witnessed at the Old Bailey were given in letters to her father, who, deeming them somewhat dangerous, destroyed them as they were received, after reading the contents to one or two confidential friends. The fragmentary references to the subject, which occur in the volume before us, are not of much interest, and contain nothing really new.

In her twenty-ninth year Miss Alderson was united in marriage to Opie, the painter, who had been struck with her appearance at an evening party, in a blue robe, and bonnet with three white feathers. It does not appear that the lady herself was very deeply smitten, but the marriage was by no means one of mere convenience. It was mainly instrumental in bringing her before the world as a novelist, for it would appear that the circumstances of Mr. Opie were not so prosperous as to obviate the necessity for exertion on his wife's part.

Mrs. Opie's first literary efforts were not very successful. She tried the theatre, but even her connexion with stage magnates did not suffice to promote her plans. Her first acknowledged work, her biographer tells us, was the 'Father and Daughter,' and we are disposed to consider it her best work. There is a vividness and power of expression, a depth and delicacy of feeling, as well as dramatic force in that book which makes it no matter of marvel even now that it procured for its authoress a great deal of attention. We are scarcely disposed to regard her other productions as worthy of the promise thus held out. An incident in one of her girlish visits to an asylum for the insane supplied her with material for one of the most touching parts of the story. It was scarcely an incident, in fact, but rather the



mere look of a poor lunatic, who, probably perceiving in her face some resemblance which recalled the past, fixed upon her 'eyes so full of woe,' that they haunted her memory for many subsequent years. The record of Mrs. Opie's married life does not present us with anything very notable, and in perusing it we have been more than once surprised and disappointed that it does not.

Considering her own position and that of her husband, and seeing, moreover, that she was generally the gayest of the gay in society, we had been led to expect much more of the piquant in her descriptions of fashionable life, and some additions to our knowledge of remarkable men. There is very little of this. Her letters contain a good deal of lively gossip, and here and there we light upon an epistle from some of her more distinguished correspondents which is really pleasant, but, as a whole, her diaries have disappointed us. Let us, however, go on to trace the leading features of her life.

About four years after their union Mr. and Mrs. Opie visited Paris, and met Charles James Fox, whom they both idolized, on his way home from the Netherlands. They dined with him at his hotel in Paris, and then sallied forth to get a glimpse of Bonaparte, then First Consul. This, Mrs. Opie seems to have considered one of the most exciting incidents of her visit to the French capital, and she wrote a long account of the schemes adopted to obtain a good sight of the great Corsican. He was about to review the troops in the Place du Carrousel, and the English visitors stationed themselves at a convenient distance on the ground-floor of the Tuileries.

'Just before the review began,' wrote Mrs. Opie, 'we saw several officers in gorgeous uniforms ascend the stairs, one of whom whose helmet seemed entirely of gold was, as I was told, Eugène Beauharnais. A few minutes afterwards there was a rush of officers down the stairs, and amongst them I saw a short pale man, with his hat in his hand, who, as I thought, resembled Lord Erskine in profile; but though my friend said in a whisper, "*C'est lui*," I did not comprehend that I beheld Bonaparte till I saw him stand alone at the gate. In another moment he was on his horse, and rode slowly past the window, while I, with every nerve trembling with strong emotion, gazed on him intently, endeavouring to commit each expressive feature to memory, contrasting, also, with admiring observation, his small simple hat, adorned with nothing but a little tri-coloured cockade, and his blue coat, guiltless of gold embroidery, with the splendid head adornings and dresses of the officers who followed him. . . . At length the review ended, too soon for me. The Consul sprang from his horse,—we threw open our door again, and as he slowly reascended the stairs we saw him very near us, and in full face again, while his bright, restless, expressive, and, as we fancied, dark blue eyes, beaming from under

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long black eyelashes, glanced over us with a scrutinizing but complacent look; and thus ended and was completed the pleasure of the spectacle.—p. 108.

This is one of the best descriptions in the whole book, and we could have wished that Mrs. Opie had exercised her powers of observation with as much success on other occasions.

Mr. Opie, who had been appointed Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, had not long completed the delivery of his first course of lectures, when he was taken away by death. He was interred with becoming honour by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and after a comparatively short married life, Mrs. Opie returned to Norwich, and again took up her residence with her father. Her husband's lectures were published shortly after his decease, and she wrote a memoir of him, which we have seen, and which is worthy of preservation, for the delicacy and feeling pervading it. For the first three years of her widowhood, Mrs. Opie seems to have remained in strict retirement. Two letters of that period are given; one from the Countess of Charleville and another from Mrs. Inchbald, but neither of them is remarkable.

It was not in the nature of the lively lady, who is the subject of these memoirs, to remain long out of the busy world, or at least to isolate herself from the society to which she had been accustomed during her wedded life. Accordingly, we find that, in 1810, she paid another visit to London, and was soon in the midst of its gaieties. Nor was it from any want of feeling, or from giddy thoughtlessness, that she thus sought once more the pleasures of intercourse with congenial spirits. Sydney Smith well remarked, that tenderness was her forte and carelessness her fault, and this opinion may be applied in a wider significance than was intended. Amelia Opie's heart was easily touched, and highly sensitive, yet she had a free and joyous nature, and was ever attracted by what her Quaker friends were not slow to call 'the vain shows of the world.' Her stay in London, on the occasion of the visit we have referred to, was rendered very agreeable, it would appear, by the distinguished society in which she mingled. We find her frequently meeting such people as Sheridan, Lyttleton, Dudley, Mackintosh, and Romilly; in short, the most celebrated men and women of the time. She had her opinions about them all, too, and upon the topics—political or otherwise—discussed in such society. These we find recorded in her letters to her father, whom she kept fully informed of all her doings. She held levees herself on Sundays, and more than once seems to congratulate herself on the splendour of these, and the number of persons who came to them in carriages. And so the gay widow managed to pass the time very much to her own

satisfaction, until some exciting affair turned up to call forth more than ordinary enthusiasm. The visit of the allied sovereigns to London, in 1814, was quite an event in her life—a thing precisely to her mind. ‘She was there in the midst of all the gaiety and whirl,’ and how she strove—oh, how she strove to get near the Emperor of all the Russias,—how eloquently she describes him, because he chanced to be the lion of the day! And then she got so near as to touch his wrist, being evidently carried away by the excitement of the moment; for she tells us that she ‘dared not, for some time, even think of touching him!’

It was in the midst of all this delightful fanfaronade that Mrs. Opie received a letter from her quiet friend, Joseph John Gurney, who had evidently been watching her movements with some interest. The good man, anxious about his gay friend, writes to her some gentle words of warning:—

‘I will refer,’ he says, ‘to two texts, “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to keep one’s self unspotted from the world;” and again, “Be ye not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may know what is the good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.” Now, what wilt thou say to me? Perhaps thou wilt say that thy counterfeit drab-coated methodistical friend knows nothing of “the world,” and is frightened by the bugbear of a name, as a child is by a ghost. . . . I refer particularly to “the fashionable world,” of which I am apt to entertain two notions—the first, that there is much in it of real evil; the second, that there is much also in it, which, though not evil in itself, yet has a decided tendency to produce forgetfulness of God, and thus to generate evil indirectly. On the other hand, there is little in it, perhaps, which is positively good.’—p. 205.

These well meant counsels or hints seem to have been taken by Mrs. Opie as they were meant, but, at the same time, as a rebuke. From this period she attended the religious services of the Friends, and continued to do so until she united herself to their community eleven years after. She did not, however, give up her visits to London, but was less carried away by lion-hunting than she had previously been. In course of time the tenour of her life was completely changed. She became a member of the Society of Friends, at a time when that community was much more rigid than we believe it is now. The light and airy lady, whose blue feathers and sunny smiles had won a husband, now donned the close drab bonnet, and the otherwise simple costume of the Quakers. She adopted the ‘thees and thous,’ too, and seemed to look back upon her past life with something like self-rebuke. She engaged in works of active benevolence, firmly resisting all the conjurations and banter of such worldly friends as Lady Cork, and thoroughly conforming to the manners

of the Friends. But it was impossible to pin her heart fairly down beneath her drab shawl, and under her little bonnet the lively smile of old times would doubtless be sometimes seen. The ways of the world were often remembered in her letters, while a touch upon the spring of her former animation sufficed to make her forget for the moment the change which had taken place. On the occasion of a visit to Paris, during which she made the acquaintance of Lafayette and Madame de Genlis, renewing at the same time her friendship with Humboldt, Cuvier, and other men of celebrity, we find her in the midst of a brilliant assemblage sighing as she looked at her Quaker dress, asking herself whether she had any business there, and wishing, for the first time in her life, to be unobserved. This was but a momentary feeling; we subsequently find her nearly as lively as ever at the soirées of the great French general, and in the society of other Parisian notabilities.

The latter years of Mrs. Opie's life scarcely call for lengthened remarks. They brought her in some degree back to society again, and it would have been difficult to perceive in her manner anything more than the decorum becoming a lady of advanced years, when she once more frequented parties at Lady Cork's, and mingled in society akin to that which she had enjoyed in her earlier life. The period which intervened between her retirement and her return in some measure to the world of literature and fashion, had made many blanks in such society. Most of those who were her early friends had been removed, yet she came to the soirées of another generation with much of the zest which had characterized her enjoyment of these things in other days. Her spirit was finely illustrated by the proposal made to old Miss Berry when the two friends visited the Great Exhibition—viz., that they should take a race in two wheel chairs. The buoyance of eighty was that of thirty only slightly tempered by time—the heart was as young as ever.

Mrs. Opie was 'formed for society,' as Dick Swiveller would have said. Her whole life was one of sprightly enjoyment; and we are not sure that we should be justified in saying that any period of it was marked by inconsistency. While she belonged to a sect, and conscientiously adhered to its forms—nay, was equal to the strictest member of it in her practical benevolence, yet she was no mere sectary. Her sympathies were expansive, and she associated with persons of all views, political and religious. Although J. J. Gurney was the object of her high esteem and affection, she could also respect a bishop of the English church; she had a warm corner of her heart, so to speak, for a Siddons as well as an Elizabeth Fry, and when her long and, upon the whole, well-spent life was over,



her dust, previous to interment, was placed in a room hung with portraits, which finely illustrated the catholicity of her friendships.

We have said nothing of Mrs. Opie's writings; at this late day it is not necessary that we should do so. Suffice it, that her mental activity kept up with the buoyancy of her spirit, and if her books are no longer popular, they have had a healthy influence on the class of literature to which they belonged.

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- ART. VIII.—*Vom Andern Ufer, &c.* [From Across the Sea.] By Alexander Herzen. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. 1850.
2. *Revelations of Russia.* By F. Hennigsen. In Two Volumes. London: Henry Colburn. 1844.
3. *The Nations of Russia and Turkey, and their Destiny.* By Ivan Golovin. London: Trübner & Co. 1854.

RUSSIA is commonly regarded as a most powerful nation, because the absolute despotism of the Czar extends over sixty millions of subjects. It exhibits unbounded central power, making use of enormous resources. This view has apparently sufficient foundation in the system of centralized functionarism, which is established from the Baltic to the Northern Pacific. But, on the other side, we should not forget that the majority of these sixty millions of the Czar's subjects are not all Muscovites, nor are they bound together by any feeling of common nationality. They belong to many distinct races and religions. Some of them are rude and ignorant nomades, living in tribes; others again—the bulk of the Muscovites—are half civilized agriculturists, bound to the soil they till, whilst the more advanced, the Russian aristocracy, the Germans, the Poles, and the Cossacks, hate one another much more than they do the foreigner who does not live under the sway of the Czar.

The most important of all these national dissensions is, that which prevails between the Russian and the German. It is impossible to write on Russia without noticing this hatred between the two nations, which furnish five-sixths of the officials and officers of the Czar. The Russians complain of the Germans, the Germans of the Russians. Herzen, in his 'Development of the Revolutionary Ideas in Russia,' explains the feud in the following way:—'The hostility of the Slavonians and Germans is a sad but well-known fact. Every successive conflict between them has revealed the intensity of their hatred. The

political dominion of the Germans has contributed to extend this hostility among the western Slavonians and the Poles, but the Russians never have experienced German oppression. *Their* possessions on the shores of the Baltic, conquered by the knights of the Teutonic order, were inhabited by Finnish people (Livonians and Esthonians) not by Russians. But though among all the Slavonians, the Russians are those who hate the Germans least, the feeling of natural repugnance between them cannot be worn out. This repugnance is founded on an incompatibility of temper, which extends to the smallest concerns.

‘The preference given to the Germans since Peter the Great, was not likely to recommend them to the Russians. If it had been only Münichs and Ostermanns who came to Russia, the case would have been different; but it was a cloud of natives of all the thirty-six (or I do not know how many) principalities, which form the single and indivisible German empire, who sat down on the banks of the Neva.

‘The Russian government has hitherto had no more devoted servants than the nobility of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland. “We do not like the Russians,” I was told once by one of the most influential persons of the Baltic provinces, at Riga; “but through all the empire, we are the most faithful subjects of the imperial family.”’ The government is aware of this devotedness, and fills the ministry and the central administration with Germans. But this is neither a favour nor an injustice. The Russian government finds just what it requires in the German functionaries and officials: the regularity and impassibility of a machine, the discreteness of the deaf and dumb, a stoicism of obedience, and an industry which does not know fatigue. Add to it a certain honesty (whilst the Russians excel in corruption and extortion), and just as much instruction as is required for their office, but never enough for understanding that there is no merit in being the honest and incorruptible tool of despotism; add the complete indifference to the well-being of the governed classes, the most profound contempt of the people, and a complete ignorance of the national character of the Russians, and you will easily understand why the people detests the Germans, and why the government likes them so much:—

‘Passing from the desks in the ministries and chanceries to the workshops of the mechanics, we find the same antagonism prevalent. The Russian workman is merely a member of the family with the Russian master. They have the same manners and customs, the same moral and religious ideas, they eat commonly at the same table, and they do very well together. It happens on occasions that the master gives a blow to the workman, who sometimes receives it with Christian resignation, and sometimes returns the kick; but neither of them goes

to the police for complaint. The Sunday is celebrated in the same way by master and workman; they both return home tipsy. The next day the master, aware that the workman cannot be very industrious, allows him to waste a few hours, since he knows that in case of need the workman will make up for the loss by working half the night. Often the master advances money to the workman, who on other occasions, waits patiently for months for his arrears in wages, when he sees that the master is in difficulties. The German master, on the contrary, is not the equal of the workman, he maintains the superiority of his social position. Regular in his habits, he transforms the vague and elastic relations between the Russian workman and his master into strictly defined, bilateral, legal duties; upon which he strictly insists. The studied rigour, the cold despotism, the continual claims of the German, excite the workman so much the more, as the master never condescends to become familiar with him. The peaceable manners of the German, the preference he gives to beer over brandy, increase the disgust which he rouses in the Russian workman, who has more skill than industry, more capacity than learning. He can do incredibly much at one time, but he has no assiduity, and cannot conform himself to the uniform and systematic discipline of the German. The master does not permit that the workman should arrive an hour too late, or leave the shop earlier as it was originally agreed. The headache of Monday morning and the bath of Saturday evening are no excuses with him. He puts every absence down in his books, and makes accordingly a deduction from the wages, perhaps justly; but the Russian sees in such an act a monstrous tyranny, and quarrels and complains incessantly. The excited master goes to the police, or to the owner of the workman, if he be a serf, and conjures upon his head all the misfortunes of his condition; whilst the Russian master does not, without the most serious reasons, apply either to the police officer or to the owner of his workman, the police and the landed nobility being the common enemies of the unshaved master and of his bearded workmen.'—pp. 40-44.

Dr. Neumann, in his excellent Pamphlet on 'Russia and the Caucasus,' takes a philosophical view of the conflict between the Russian and foreigner, and warns the emperor, who seems to be inclined to favour the exclusive pretensions of the Russians proper, ever since his favourite son, Constantine, put himself at the head of the anti-German party:—

'May Russia,' says the learned German professor, 'continue to advance in the track which was clearly marked out to her by Peter I., and to which she owes her greatness. Peter I. and his successor have thrown their nets out in all directions, not only to catch countries and nations, but likewise men of science and of artistical talents, for furthering the great aims of the empire. Science and literature were in Russia, down to the latest years, nearly exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and many of those foreigners held the highest positions in



the State, both civil and military. Ostermann rose to be chancellor, and Munich Feld-marshal; Elphinstone, Greigh, and McKenzie, had the command of the fleet; Diebitsch was a German, Capo d'Istria, a Greek; Pozzo di Borgo a Corsican, and Cancrin of Jewish extraction. Peter respected likewise the manners and customs, the religion and language of every subjected people, and even of every tribe. The German and the Mongol, the Turk and Persian, the Protestant and Roman Catholic, the Buddhist and the Mussulman, enjoyed the same protection with the Slavonian and with the member of the "orthodox" church. This wise and grand system prevented the newly-acquired tribes and nations from feeling keenly the loss of political freedom and independence, and raised the northern empire to the height and importance at which we saw it culminating. But since the last ten or fifteen years such steps have been taken as lead to the conclusion that the wise policy of the great founder of the empire is to be abandoned, and that the political unity of the different tribes and nations under an autocratic chief, is to be transformed by forcible means into a compact Russian Slavonic nationality; and that in the place of the different religions and creeds, one national Russian church is to be established. May this snare be soon abandoned, and the imperial policy return to the old imperial highway! Such a misunderstood imitation of Roman policy will, and can never, succeed. The Romans were, in their epoch, the only ruling civilized people from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile and the deserts of Africa. They civilized the world when they subdued it, and conveyed culture to the subjected nations by the language and the laws of Rome. Even Christianity, the pillar of modern civilization, was carried only through the Roman language to the nations of the West. But the Slavonic world stands in a different relation to the rest of Europe. Except language, all that makes the physical man a thinking being, was conveyed to the Russian from abroad, and the foreign seed remained very often only on the surface, under which barbarism and rudeness continue to thrive. Yet, uncivilized or half-civilized nations have never succeeded in establishing a lasting dominion over civilized nations, unless they accepted the higher culture of their subjects.'

Alexander Herzen gives us the following description of the difference between Russia proper and the Baltic province of Livonia.

'In Livonia and Courland the villages are different from those in Russia Proper. They consist of isolated cottages around a castle. The peasants do not cluster together; there exists there no Russian community. The people which inhabits those farms is good-natured, stupid, crushed by long enduring serfage, and is evidently without a future(!). The chasm between the German and the Livonian is immense, German civilization has not been expansive. The people in those provinces have remained half savage, even after so many centuries of co-existence, amidst continuous intercourse with the Germans. It is the Emperor Nicholas who was the first to think about their

education, of course, according to his own fashion: he has converted them to the Greek church.\*

‘But it is at Riga, the city of dark and narrow streets, of privileges and guilds, of Hanseatic and Lutheran spirit, where even commerce is stationary, and where the Russian population consists of those retrograde dissenters who emigrated two centuries back when they found that Czar Alexis was too revolutionary; at Riga, I say, I understood all the difference between the world I left and the world into which I entered, between Russian and German spirit.

‘I met there lean Jews, with a black velvet skull cap, short trowsers, and cotton stockings and shoes, in spite of the Russian winter; and, again, German merchants, with a deportment of senatorial dignity, such as indeed induces you to go out of their way. In the club they talk only about the monopoly granted in 1600, of the charter of 1450, and of the last reforms in 1701.

‘The Germans of the Baltic provinces, sons of an ancient civilization, have detached themselves, centuries back, from the general movement of Europe; they have stopped where they just stood, without acquiring one idea more, but they put order and measure and a rule into their ideas and into their affairs, never to swerve from it. It is, therefore, quite natural that they detest the vagueness, the exaggeration, the shiftlessness which reigns in Russia, not only in the laws, but likewise in the manners and customs.

‘We (Russians) have not yet arrived at stability, we aspire to it; we look for a social order more congenial to our nature, and, therefore, we remain in a provisional state, which we detest but accept, until we can get rid of it. They, on the contrary (the Germans of the Baltic provinces), are good conservatives—they have lost most of their liberties and privileges, and fear to lose the remainder. As to us Russians, we have only to gain, we have nothing to lose. We obey only by compulsion; we take the laws under which we live for prohibitions and encroachments, and we break them as often as we can or dare to do it; we are not scrupulous in this respect. With those Germans, however, law is something serious; to break it is looked upon as a crime even by themselves.

‘They have the advantage of traditional fixed rules; they belong to the great European civilization; but we have again the advantage of more robust forces, and of broader hopes. Where the Germans are stopped by their conscience, we Russians are only stopped by the policeman; we yield as long as we are the weaker; they never can become strong.

‘We hurt them deeply by our easy manners, our lack of reverence, and by the display of our passions, half barbarous, half corrupted. But they tire us to death with their shopkeepers’ pedantry, their affectation of virtue, and by their conduct formally as irreproachable, as it is intrinsically mean.

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\* Herzen is here unjust. It is true the Germans did not care for the education of the peasants, though they made them nominal Protestants; but the Czar does not care any more for their education, content with having made them nominally Greek Catholics.

‘To sum up: with the Baltic Germans a man is taken for a spendthrift who spends more than one-half of his income for himself; a man who is satisfied to live only up to his means is, in Russia, called a miser.’

From these extracts it is sufficiently clear that the Germans are not beloved by the Russians, and that they are fully aware of this. They are regarded as foreigners by the Russians, though very few of the high functionaries are really of German birth, and even these have become not only naturalized by a long series of years but are nearly always much more addicted to the policy of the Czar,—though it has been hostile to Germany,—than the Russians themselves, who do not care for Western Europe. It is not, therefore, a fear that the interests of the state may be jeopardized in the hands of the Germans which excites the jealousies of the two races, it is an antipathy which has its ground in the character of the Germans. In the United States we see no such hostility displayed against them, but we must not forget that up to the last ten years there were few educated persons who emigrated from Germany to America, only the agriculturists and poor mechanics crossed the Atlantic, well aware that their industry and their saving habits would soon secure them independence whilst they did not aspire to political influence. The learned men went rather to Russia, where they knew they could live upon the State. It is a remarkable feature of the educated classes in Germany that they like to live upon the State, principally in a despotic country, where the possession of an office insures a certain livelihood as long as its duties are discharged; where, moreover, they are sure to ascend the steps of the official hierarchy according to the years of their service. The Germans like to live in peace; they abhor violent excitement, and shrink from risk; they do not like to speculate or to be in doubt about the future; they are contented with little, but it must be insured to them. An office, therefore, however small, but such as gives them the security of getting a certain fixed salary, paid with regularity, will always be deemed preferable to a greater but insecure income. They conform themselves entirely to their income; they patiently wait till the death of their immediate superior raises them to a better salary; they are industrious by nature, they know that no bribe would be likely to make up for the loss of their situation; therefore, they are the best officials in a centralized despotic government. They never adhere to any party; they never identify themselves with the country which they serve; they are attached only to the government and to the reigning family. The landed aristocracy of the Baltic provinces differs in no respect from these immigrants. They are the descendants of the knights of the Teutonic Order, which had occupied those countries by the sword, and held the poor Esthonian, Livonian, and Kurish peasant in servile subjec-



tion. In the time of the Reformation the knights turned Protestants, and transformed the sovereignty of the Order into landed property and divided it among themselves. They never felt any peculiar interest in the welfare of their subjects, whom they have degraded into serfs; landed property was to them a source of income and nothing more. As soon as they saw it guaranteed to them by the Czar they readily submitted to him and became his most faithful subjects, since they perceived that in the great Muscovite empire there are more offices which might fall to their share, than in the petty independent principalities of old. Yet they never could be entirely Russianized; their language, their education, remained German; they do not feel themselves to be Russians, nor do they acknowledge the Russian to be their countryman. On the contrary, they treat him with contempt. And this is the real source of that national hatred which cannot be eradicated. Educated Germans are fully impressed with the superiority of German theoretic civilization; their systematic pedantry despises all other culture. Drilled and trained by their dialectical philosophy, and deeply imbued with the spirit of criticism, which finds faults everywhere, they feel themselves the born teachers of the world, and easily assume the dictatorial tone of a professor towards his scholars. In 1848 there was scarcely any professor or journalist in Germany who had not tried, in a magisterial tone, to teach the Hungarians how to make a constitution according to the pattern cut out by German philosophy, forgetting altogether that the Hungarians, with their self-government of more than nine centuries, were more practical than all the Germans together, and that, therefore, they did not make the attempt to frame a new constitution. Germans have no respect for practical people; they deal always in theories and systems, and as long as they are not disturbed by events of overpowering interest, and are allowed to indulge in theories and ideals, they support any government. But as soon as their comforts are unsettled they exert themselves with the utmost pertinacity to carry out their systems. Every compromise seems to them illogical; they reject it, they split into parties, and stick doggedly to their ideals. This character explains easily their passive submission to the costly and often stupid rule of their thirty princes,—their unpractical energy and want of combination in their revolutionary fits,—and the hatred which they arouse in every foreign country where they are called to fill administrative offices. Their feeling of superiority, contrasted with their awkwardness in practical life, makes them ridiculous with those whom they have to control, but whose character they have never found it worth their while to study, and the pertinacity with which their systematic pedantry enforces their authority, without regard to the variety of local

circumstances and of national habits, makes them tyrannical. The ideal world is with the Germans entirely unconnected with their life. Niebuhr writes most beautifully on liberty, and lends money to the Austrian commander to enable him to march upon Naples, and crush the constitutional rising before it can take root. Dr. Bach, the Austrian minister, talks about democratic institutions, and suppresses every vestige of freedom, not only in rebellious Hungary but likewise in loyal Croatia; thus every German in Russian office dreams of the extension of civilization, progress, and enlightenment, while he carries out the orders of the Czar, who prevents the children of the serfs from getting higher education, and limits the number of the sons of burghers who are permitted to enter colleges. The Russian proper has likewise his ideals, but they are entirely different from those of the Germans. He does not care much for the civilization of the East, for transplanting German philosophy to the Tartar nations, for 'Japhetizing Asia,' as the German phrase runs; but he longs to establish an empire, comprising all the Slavonic races of the world, extending from the North-Cape to the Golden-Horn, united by the orthodox creed, and holding Western Europe in awe. His eyes are turned to the cupola of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. It is only from that place that the Slavonic world can be ruled; and the West held in subjection. The words, Liberty, Independence, Progress, have no meaning for him; he longs for *power*, for the union of the sixty millions of Slavonians, and for the servitude of all the intervening nations which interrupt the continuity of the Slavonic countries. Many Germans have tried to explain this longing for territorial extension by the ungenial climate and barren soil of Russia, and by the desire of living under the sunny sky of the south in a fertile country. But they are greatly mistaken. The Russian likes his misty sky, the snow and mud of his steppes, the dark pines and the stunted beeches; he would not leave his *holy Russia* on any account; he clings to the place where he was born, but he desires to see Russia the greatest of the empires of the world, and the Czar the most powerful of men. He is proud of being the subject of a master whose will is law, provided that sixty or more millions of fellow-subjects be in the same condition. The aspiration of the Muscovite is for power, not for liberty; for the union of all the Slavonians, not because such a union would make them happier, but because it would bring all Europe and Asia into subjection to this race.

And here we arrive at the difference between the Pole and the Russian. Of whatever faults the Pole may have been guilty, he cannot be charged with love of conquest. For a long time he carried on war with the Cossacks, and held them in a kind of

subjection, since the inhabitants of the steppes adjoining Poland were, in those times, as renowned freebooters as the Montenegrins of the present day. He sometimes was involved in wars with the Russians; however, even when victorious, the Poles did not 'annex' the country, but placed an acknowledged Russian claimant on the throne of Moscow. The Poles were not even intolerant in religion until, during the reign of Stephen Bathory, the Jesuits obtained dangerous preponderance in the councils of the nation. When the Jews were persecuted throughout Europe, and thousands of them were slain by infuriated Germans, King Casimir offered them an asylum in Poland. When the Unitarians were excommunicated and burnt, Socinus and his followers were hospitably received on the banks of the Vistula. As long as Poland was a flourishing state, all creeds enjoyed liberty and protection. Roman Catholic intolerance was introduced by the Jesuits, and was a thing of foreign growth. In their political struggles of the present century the principle of religious liberty was always acknowledged. It is true that the landed aristocracy did not extend political liberty to the peasants,—that it did not emancipate the villein, in 1830; but the Polish aristocracy of Galicia, in 1846, was ready to give up all the feudal rights of signoralty, and in 1848, before the diet of Austria had as yet abolished the labour rent of the tiller of the ground, the Galician landlords gave full freedom to their peasants. The Poles, in general, have no sympathy with the schemes of Panslavism and Slavonic preponderance. Their wishes do not go beyond their territorial independence and the reconstitution of their distracted country under a national and liberal government. There were but very few among them who, in their exile, adopted Panslavistic views, though, in a great Slavonic empire, the Poles would surely have the greatest share in the government on account of the higher standard of their culture, the natural versatility of their spirit, and that fascinating amiability in social intercourse which characterizes the well-bred Poles. Still, even the mystical politico-religious Panslavism of the great Polish poet, Mizkiewicz, is entirely different from Russian Panslavism. The Muscovite longs for the union of the Slavonic races only for the sake of material brutal power, and has no other object in view than to be feared by those Western nations whom he grudgingly must acknowledge to be his superiors in civilization. With him it is only to satisfy his vanity—hurt by civilized Europe treating him as a semi-barbarian—that his covetousness is directed beyond the limits of the empire. The Polish poet and his friends, on the contrary, deplore the decrepitude of Western Europe, proved by the prevalence of the grasping spirit of money-making over the higher faculties of the soul; by the



decay of the feeling of duty; by the rule of expediency adopted in the policy of nations in lieu of the principles of right; by the nice distinctions drawn between public and private honesty, and by the increasing want of that cheerful readiness to sacrifice repose, comforts, and, if necessary, property and life, in doing what is right—a readiness which has always characterized the great periods of history when the leading men of the age manfully struggled against error, against moral wrong, and principally against hypocrisy. ‘The Western world declines,’—so exclaims Mizkiewicz with sorrow—‘the Latin and German races have been found wanting; therefore, the vital breath of faith, of conviction, and of self-sacrifice must be instilled into the life of nations by new races not yet worn out through the intellectual struggles of centuries, which have dimmed and confused the notions of right and wrong amidst the nations of ancient civilization.’ The Panslavism of Mizkiewicz is founded upon the conviction that the moral regeneration of a fallen, though highly intellectual world, can only be achieved by the Slavonic element. The Roman races have failed to establish the reign of right and liberty; the Teutonic world has, by a higher civilization, not succeeded in overcoming the evils which prey upon the nations; it has, by diminishing ignorance, not diminished vice; the culture of the intellect has not purified the heart. What is it then, that can be expected for the future of the world, if the struggle and the emulation of the two great civilizing races has not made man better, and the condition of the majority happier? He therefore turns his eyes to a new element, which, until now, has scarcely had any leading influence in the history of mankind. The future, according to him, belongs to the Slavonic races, held back by Providence for so many thousands of years in order to appear in the bloom of youth and vitality when the races of the West have grown old. Mizkiewicz’s Panslavism is a philosophical dream, not a political system; he sees the Muscovite already punished for his ambition, the Pole, Croat, and Bohemian, for their simulation—the natural consequences of foreign oppression; he forgets the insuperable antagonism of the Eastern and Roman Churches, and concentrates all the glories of artistic Greece, of practical Rome, of speculating Germany, of impulsive France, and of coolly calculating England, on his visionary Slavonic confederation, in which each of the different races is harmoniously to develop its moral and material capabilities in peace and brotherhood, all of them to be really Slavonians, that is to say, *sons of glory*. (Slava means glory in the Slavonic tongues.) The Polish poet has enriched his Utopia with all the resources of his fertile imagination; other followers of his genius have tried to support it by the philosophical theories of Hegel, and proved

that if we take the Roman races and church for the thesis, and the Teutonic races and reformation for the antithesis, the Slavonic races and the Eastern, or rather national Russian church, must be the synthesis, which solves the discordancy. Such philosophical speculations have, of course, no practical result; still, they captivate the young, and we cannot yet say whether they will remain entirely barren in future, especially when a cunning coterie, whether Polish or Muscovite, takes hold of the vague enthusiasm they inspire, in order to further the views of personal or national aggrandizement. Until now, however, Polish Panslavism has found but very few partizans among the Poles, though many Russians have given their cordial assent to the schemes of brotherhood as depicted by Mizkievich. Yet Polish Panslavism remains as different from Russian Panslavism as the character of the Pole differs from that of the Russian.

One feature only is common to them both, it is the national type of all the Slavonic races—viz., a certain impressibility of character, more feminine than manly. The Slavonians excel in imitation, but they have no originating genius; they easily receive impressions from abroad, their manner of thought is influenced by foreign literature; they are apt to abdicate their own judgment, and to yield to any authority. But the Poles are likewise imbued with a chivalrous sentimentality which we do not find with the Russians. The Poles are, heart and soul, carried away by the dazzling theories of France or Germany, whilst the Russians retained something of the domineering spirit of the Tartar race, which for three centuries lorded it over Muscovy. Sentimentality is unknown to them, they accept the progress of the West not as a dogma, but as a means for their great scheme—the universal Slavonic monarchy.

Between the country of the Pole and Muscovy Proper there lies Samogitia, inhabited by Lithuanians, but chiefly by Ruthenes or White Russians. It is altogether a passive race, probably the lowest of all European populations. We find them likewise in the south-eastern parts of Poland, in Galicia, Volhynia, and Podolia, on a rich soil, still clad in rags, emaciated by famine, and stupid beyond belief. A portion of these Ruthenes emigrated in the fourteenth century under their Prince Theodore Koriatovitsh to Hungary, when the Poles began to oppress them by taxes in Halitsh and Wolodimir (Galicia and Lodomeria). This colony exists up to the present day in the secluded valleys of the eastern Carpathians; a race weak in body, which in the course of five centuries has not furnished one leading man to Hungary. In Galicia they nearly all are peasants, degraded by serfdom. They became notorious in 1846, by their brutality towards the Polish gentry whom, in those days of political excitement, they

massacred with the permission of the Austrian government officials, who paid ten shillings in cash for the head of every murdered nobleman. They have a tough nationality, and do not assimilate either with the Pole or with the Russian. Their religion is called the united Greek faith, that is to say, they acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope at Rome, but retain the liturgy in the Slavonic language, the cup in the Eucharist, and they repudiate the celibacy of the priests. It was the Ruthenes of Russia who, in 1834, were converted to the Greek Church by force and violence; the nuns of Minsk were Ruthenians. From a political point of view, this race is of little importance.

The Cossacks belong to a distinct Slavonic race, differing from the Poles, the Russians, and the Ruthenes. They are called by their neighbours Malo-Russians (Little Russians), and inhabit the Ukraine and the south of Russia. Incessantly exposed to the encroachments of Poland and Russia, and to the incursions of the Nogai Tartars of the Crimea, the Cossacks on the Bug, Don, Dnieper, and Dniester, maintained their liberty and national independence by continuous warfare, up to the times of Peter I. Warlike, and of predatory character, they were the scourge of the neighbouring countries. Their robber-republic, under an elected chief, whom they styled 'Hetman,' culminated in the seventeenth century under the sway of Bogdan Chmielnicki; and had his successors been equal to his genius, southern Russia might, at the present day, be a great, free, and independent country. Charles XII. of Sweden, the deadly foe of Russia, knew their importance, and when he failed to destroy Czar Peter's schemes through Poland, which at that time was rotten to the core, and distracted by Jesuits and Roman Catholic bigotry, he tried to make use of Mazeppa and his Cossacks. The ascendancy of the Czar may be computed from the battle of Pultava, by which Cossack independence was lost. The Cossacks were the last dyke against the rush of the tide of Russian supremacy in the south, as the Poles and Hungarians were in the west. The Cossacks once deprived of their independence, the Czars could easily take possession of the shores of the Euxine, and pursue that policy of diplomatic cunning and open violence which now disturbs the peace of the world. But though the Cossacks have for more than a century acknowledged the rule of the Czar, they still maintain the traditions of their ancient independence and some valuable privileges to which they cling with stubborn tenacity. Up to the present day, they are ruled according to their old usages by a Hetman; and though he is not elected by them, the Czar does not venture to appoint any of his generals to that office unless he is by birth a Cossack and belongs to the Staroverz creed, which is a source



of continual annoyance. The Staroverz branch of the Eastern Church has not acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of the Czar, and is ruled by their native archbishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs from times of old, like the whole Eastern Church in Turkey and elsewhere. Czar Nicholas, desirous to put an end to the schism of the Staroverz, once had all the bishops and archbishops of the Cossacks carried away from their home, and transported into the most remote provinces of Russia. He hoped hereby to make it impossible for the Cossack priests, to have a bishop of their own, regularly ordained by themselves. Thus the apostolic succession would be interrupted, unless they chose to come to a compromise, and accept the ordination of Russian archbishops, by which the spiritual supremacy of the Czar was to be introduced among the 'schismatics.' But, in spite of the threatening danger, one of the new bishops elect succeeded in crossing the well-guarded frontiers of Russia, and obtained his ordination from the orthodox bishops in Turkey, returning to his country to transmit the apostolic succession to his brethren in the faith. For this offence he was exiled to Siberia, but the aim of Czar Nicholas had failed.

The predatory habits of the Cossacks make foreign war very popular with them, and their name has, in Western Europe, become synonymous with that of Muscovites. But this is a serious delusion; for the Cossack hates the Russian sway, and would, if possible, reassert his independence. Still the spirit of the nation has been greatly broken by the Empress Catherine, who introduced serfdom, and established a native landed aristocracy among them. Nearly up to the close of the last century the Cossacks were all freemen, and amongst those who were transplanted to the Isthmus of Caucasia, and to the frontiers of the empire, there is no serfdom even now to be found; but in the heart of their country the poorer class was delivered up to the richer gentry as serfs, by the philosophical empress: division was introduced into the Cossack nation, and hatred sown between the higher classes, who formerly were the leaders of the people, and the poorer agriculturists who now became serfs.

As to the Finns we have little information. We do not know how this people, the last acquisition of Russia to the north-west, has been treated by Russia from 1809, when it was wrested from Sweden. We know only that the Finns are a tall, fair-haired, handsome race, strongly attached to protestantism, speaking a language entirely different from the Romanic, Teutonic, Slavonic, and Tartar tongues; and that the Finn regiments, formerly in Swedish, and now in Russian service, have always distinguished themselves by their gallantry. They resemble, in many respects, the Highlanders of Scotland. Like them they have kept up

their ancient poetical traditions, in fact, epic poetry, by oral transmission, from time immemorial up to the moment when the race of minstrels and rhapsodists began to thin. They were written down just when the people, drawn into the intellectual movement of Western Europe, began to forget them. It is difficult to say whether the Finns really felt attached to the Swedes, and still more difficult to know how far they have become accustomed to their present condition. No traveller has, of late, given us any account of the country between Tornea and St. Petersburg. All we know is, that Russia has in Finland encountered greater difficulties in her proselytizing schemes than in Esthonia and Livonia, where the most considerable portion of the serfs have abjured their Protestant creed, and accepted the Russian Church, in the belief that in such a way they might escape serfdom, and not remain subject to their Protestant German lords, who never condescended to take into consideration the moral and spiritual wants of their bondsmen. The nobility of Finland has likewise preserved some few of the privileges guaranteed to them at the time of the occupation of their country. They yet meet periodically in general session, and though the right of discussing their affairs has been suppressed, they maintain some forms which remind them of their former constitutional government; they elect some of their officials, subject to the approval of the Czar. All the efforts to Russify Finland have, until now, failed, much more than in Poland. In Finland there were no confiscated estates to be conferred on Muscovite generals, in order to get local influence over the people through men entirely devoted to the Czar, bred and trained in the school of despotism. The other way of Russification, successfully employed in Moldo-Wallachia, by the encouragement and reward of marriages of Russian officers with native heiresses, failed likewise, since, according to Russian law, the offspring of any mixed marriage, as it is called, that is to say, where father and mother are of a different creed, must be brought up in the Russian church, and the Finn, male and female, cling too strongly to their protestantism to be allured to Russian alliances by the favours of the Czar.

The Muscovites, Germans, Poles, Cossacks, and Finns are, in a moral aspect, the five principal nationalities of the empire of the Czar; but besides these there are scores of other races which inhabit the vast empire. We have already pointed to the motley population of the isthmus between the Black Sea and the Caspian; we see a similar state of things all over Asiatic Russia. Millions of Mohammedans and millions of Buddhists live on the plains north of the Caspian, of the lakes of Aral, Belkashi, and Baikal; Turkomans and Tartars, Kalmucks of the Mongol race, Tunguses, Jakutses; and Samogedes and Tschuktshes, in the Polar

region. All of them are comprised in the census of the empire, which sets the subjects of the Czar down at sixty millions, whilst one-fourth of them are either only nominally dependent nomade tribes, or entirely uncivilized savages, of no use, either in war, or for the industrial progress of Russia. And still all the power of Russia which overawes the diplomacy of Central and Western Europe rests upon the figures of the census, which influence the imagination of those who measure everything by numerical estimate. The Czar with sixty millions of subjects seems to be superior either to France or to England, or to the United States, whilst, in reality, these sixty millions are, in intellectual and industrial respects, not even to be compared with the hundred millions of British India, who are kept in subjection, and led by less than two hundred thousand British civilians and soldiers.

In spite of an all-uniting absolutism there is no real unity in the Russian empire. Beyond the twenty-five to thirty millions of Muscovites the Czar has no subjects upon whom he can rely in times of danger, and from whose devotion and loyalty he may derive real strength. His throne rests upon his army and his Muscovites.

## Brief Notices.

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1. *The Present State of Morocco: a Chapter of Mussulman Civilization.* By Xavier Durrieu. pp. 93.
2. *Schamyl: the Sultan, Warrior, and Prophet of the Caucasus.* Translated from the German of Drs. F. Wagner and F. Bodenstedt, by Lascelles Wraxall. pp. 135.
3. *Russia and Turkey.* By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. Reprinted, with Corrections, from the 'Geographical Dictionary.' pp. 146. London: Longman & Co.

THESE publications form parts LX., LXI, and LXIV. of the 'Travellers' Library,' and are well suited to the class for which the serial is



intended. The first work is in substance a reprint of an article which formerly appeared in the 'Revue des Deux-Mondes,' of which, however, no intimation is given in the English translation. On the contrary, it is represented as founded on 'patient personal observations.' The Messrs. Longman are perfectly guiltless of the fraud which has been practised by M. Durrieu, and have promptly engaged to advertise the work as *founded* on an article in the French review. From their letter to the editor of the 'Athenæum,' inserted in that journal of the 27th May, we learn that the work was offered to them 'in MS., and in the French language,' and that they employed a competent person to translate it for the 'Travellers' Library.' It is evident therefore that they were imposed on by the French author, on whom the whole blame of the transaction rests. We regret this fact the more, as the work itself is really a very interesting and valuable one; and, in the present state of our relations with the East, is well suited to supply the information which we need.

Of the second publication, 'Schamyl: the Sultan, Warrior, and Prophet of the Caucasus,' we cannot speak too highly. Until recently, we knew little more than the name of this illustrious warrior, and every possible means have been employed to prevent our obtaining a correct view of his character, or of rightly appreciating the marvellous heroism with which he has contended against the policy and arms of the Czar. This deficiency, however, is now in the way of being supplied, and we trust that the events which are passing in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus will establish the independence of the tribes over which Schamyl rules. His history is the most animating episode of modern times, and we cordially recommend those who wish to possess themselves of a knowledge of his exploits to read attentively this inexpensive publication. It is grounded on the best authorities, and is fully entitled to confidence.

Mr. McCulloch's 'Russia and Turkey' is a very opportune publication, and contains a large mass of facts specially interesting at the present period. His pains-taking research has condensed within narrow limits the information scattered through a variety of works, and we strongly recommend our readers to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the details he has furnished. Deeply as we sympathize with Turkey in her present struggle, we must not conceal from ourselves the very serious blemishes which disgrace her government, or the wretchedness, ignorance, and poverty, which characterize a large section of her people.

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*Theologia Germanica; which setteth forth many fair lineaments of Divine Truth, and saith very lofty and lovely things touching a Perfect Life.* Edited by Dr. Pfeiffer; from the only complete Manuscript yet known. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. With a Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. And a Letter to the Translator by the Chevalier Bunsen, D.D., D.C.L. London: Longman & Co.

This is a beautiful little book, printed in antique style, which comes to the English reader with strong recommendations. It was first

published by Luther in 1516; and in a second edition issued two years afterwards, the great reformer says: 'Next to the Bible and St. Augustine, no book hath ever come into my hands, whence I have learnt, or would wish to learn, more of what God, and Christ, and man, and all things are.' Seventeen editions of the work appeared during the lifetime of Luther, and it continues to be a favorite hand-book of devotion in Germany up to the present day, having passed through upwards of sixty editions, besides being circulated widely in France and the Netherlands by means of Latin, French, and Flemish translations. Chevalier Bunsen, in his letter to the translator, says that he agrees with Luther in ranking 'this short treatise next to the Bible, but, unlike him, should place it before, rather than after, St. Augustine.' He terms it a 'golden treatise,' and says it has been 'for almost forty years an unspeakable comfort to me and to many Christian friends to whom I had the happiness of introducing it.' The author is unknown, but from its brief preface we learn that he was a priest and warden in the house of the Teutonic Order in Frankfort. Until recently, Luther's edition was supposed to supply the only text of the work, but, about 1850, a manuscript of it was discovered by Professor Reus, from which the present translation has been made. This manuscript dates from 1497, and the work was probably written about the middle of the fourteenth century. Chevalier Bunsen describes the translation as 'admirably faithful and lucid,' and few readers will peruse the volume without rejoicing in the indications it affords of the existence of earnest spiritual religion in one of the darkest periods of the papacy. We thank the translator for having introduced it to the English reader, and hope she will be encouraged to follow out her design of furnishing us with an account of the theology of a period during which we have ignorantly supposed that the truth of God was banished from the hearts of men.

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*The Imperial Gazetteer.* A General Dictionary of Geography; Physical, Political, Statistic, and Descriptive. Imp. 8vo. Division VII. London: Blackie & Son.

THIS work is now approaching to a completion, and is admirably suited to the wants of the present day. It includes comprehensive accounts of the countries, cities, principal towns, seas, lakes, rivers, islands, mountains, &c., throughout the world; and is compiled from the *most recent and authentic* sources. Special attention is paid to the trade and resources of the several places described, as well as to the social condition, manners, and customs, of their inhabitants. The work is also profusely illustrated by several hundred engravings on wood, which are executed in superior style, and admirably subserve the general purposes of the publication. We cannot, of course, pretend to have examined the work throughout. Its nature precludes this. But the articles we have examined are distinguished by fulness and accuracy of information, and are written in a condensed, clear style, well suited to the requirements of a student. We have no scruple in strongly recommending the work as superior to all others with which we are acquainted.

It is just such a work as was needed, and must long maintain a position of acknowledged superiority. It is published in *Parts*, at two shillings and sixpence each, and is expected to be completed in about twenty-eight parts. As a book of reference it is invaluable.

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*Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Vol. III. With Selections from the Works of Robert Lloyd, Nathaniel Cotton, Henry Brooke, Erasmus Darwin, and William Hayley. Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap. Svo. pp. 277. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THIS volume completes Mr. Bell's edition of the *Poetical Works of Cowper*; which constitutes the most portable collection yet given to the public. The notes appended display extensive reading and sound judgment. Mr. Bell has appended to his edition selections from five contemporary poets, for the purpose of illustrating the state of English poetry at Cowper's time. They fall, he remarks, into two periods,—the two former indicating the character of the models that first awakened his admiration, and the latter exhibiting the *affected* style which was at the height of its popularity when the 'Task' appeared. 'It is necessary,' Mr. Bell observes, in reference more particularly to the latter class, 'that samples of these writings should accompany Cowper's works, in order to enable the reader to appreciate the nature of the reform he wrought in the public taste; and the selections here given from them have been made with a view to exhibit, in a brief space, their most striking characteristics.' Mr. Bell has judged wisely in this matter. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater contrast to the productions of the bard of Olney than is exhibited in the extracts he has given. The naturalness and direct force of Cowper will permanently maintain their hold on public admiration, whilst the writings of Lloyd, Cotton, Brooke, Darwin, and Hayley, have already passed into oblivion.

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*The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh.* New Edition. In Three Volumes. Fcap. Svo. London: Longman & Co.

IN our last number we introduced to our readers a new and cheaper edition of the Rev. Sydney Smith's works, and we are now glad to report that the *Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Mackintosh* are issued in a similar form. The contents of these volumes are vastly different from those noticed last month. The two scarcely admit of comparison. Each is good of its class, but to our own taste the writings of Sir James Mackintosh are greatly preferable. The qualities of his mind pre-eminently fitted him for the calm and philosophical discussion of the many important topics on which he dwelt, whilst some of his productions, as, for instance, his 'Life of Sir Thomas More,' are distinguished by a graceful and touching sympathy which has never been surpassed. We could readily descant on the merit of his philosophical and historical writing. It is a fruitful theme, and we are tempted to pursue it, but our present mission is fulfilled in simply reporting the appearance of this neat and cheap edition, and in strongly recommending it to the favor and study of all our readers.



*History of Religious Intolerance in Spain; or, An Examination of some of the Causes which led to that Nation's Decline.* Translated from the Spanish of Señor Don Adolfo De Castro. By Thomas Parker. Svo. pp. 227. London: W. & F. G. Cash.

SEÑOR DE CASTRO is already known as the author of a 'History of the Spanish Protestants,' and the present work may be regarded as a continuation of it. The utility of such a work is most obvious, and few of our countrymen probably are aware of the immense difficulties which lay in the way of its preparation. Our public archives are open to inspection, but not so those of Spain, over which a suspicious despotism keeps watchful and jealous guard. Notwithstanding the difficulties thus encountered, Señor De Castro has happily succeeded in compiling a work of much pains-taking and research, which opens up to the knowledge of Europe events which have long been shrouded in impenetrable gloom. He has prosecuted his labors under a deep sense of responsibility, has proceeded with extreme caution, and by the authorities adduced has, in many instances, set characters and events in a clearer light than previously surrounded them. His volume constitutes an invaluable supplement to the Ecclesiastical History of Europe, and may be read with considerable advantage by all who are desirous of correctly estimating the causes which have contributed to the present degradation of Spain. Mr. Parker, the translator of the work, is entitled to our best thanks for the service he has rendered. We gratefully acknowledge its value, and cordially recommend his volume to our readers.

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*Gerstäcker's Travels.—Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Ride through the Pampas, Winter Journey across the Cordilleras, Chili, Valparaiso, California and the Gold Fields.* Translated from the German of Frederick Gerstäcker. Crown Svo. pp. 290. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

THIS is one of the most interesting books of Travels which we have ever read, and the style of the translation is highly creditable. It relates to a country of which little veritable information is possessed, and does much to clear up the obscurity which has hitherto rested over it. The author's description of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres presents these cities in a distinct form before us, whilst his ride through the Pampas, and his Winter Journey across the Cordilleras, make us acquainted with a region of which few travellers have hitherto spoken from personal observation. Chili and Valparaiso were also visited, and the notices given of the character and habits of their inhabitants pleasingly enlarge our range of information, and are marked by a truthfulness which commands confidence. The principal interest of the volume, however, is derived from M. Gerstäcker's account of the Gold Fields of California. If any of our readers are attracted towards this region of the globe, we advise their reading the present volume before setting out. Anything more heart-rending than the misery encountered by the great majority of emigrants cannot well be imagined. In a few cases large fortunes have been rapidly gained, but even these have been secured

at a sacrifice far too costly. The terrible vices which spring out of gambling are seen in California on a gigantic scale, which may well awaken serious apprehension, whilst the disappointment, misery, and even death, commonly encountered, present a mournful and heart-rending spectacle. The present volume belongs to the same series as the 'Memoirs of the Court of Prussia,' which we noticed last month, and is published at the low price of five shillings.

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*The Bible Hand-book.* An Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures. By Joseph Angus, D.D., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. 12mo. pp. 660. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE design of this volume is admirable, and its execution is highly creditable to the research and sound judgment of the author. In its preparation, Dr. Angus has rendered a very acceptable service to a large class, whose means and leisure are limited, and who are therefore incapable of the extended and laborious research required by many of the topics he has discussed. He has done for such readers what they are incapable of doing for themselves, and a very slight examination of his labor will show them the great extent of their obligation. On some of the subjects treated of Dr. Angus's aim has been to guide to larger works, but in others, his volume 'will be found sufficiently full to enable earnest-minded inquirers to study and master the evidences, facts, and doctrines of Scripture for themselves. Its aim is to teach men to understand and appreciate the BIBLE, and, at the same time, to give such information on ancient literature and history, as may aid the work of general education among all classes.' Sound scholarship and extensive research, clearness of conception and definiteness of style, a strong sense of the importance of his theme, and an earnest solicitude to accomplish its spiritual aim, are amongst the chief qualifications required, and these are evinced by Dr. Angus in a highly creditable degree. We need not say that we recommend his volume to our readers.

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*A Letter to a Friend on certain Misrepresentations of Scripture Language.* London: E. T. Whitfield.

THE author of this *brochure* took offence at some remarks in the 'Westminster Review' on 'Ethics of Christendom,' and, in consequence, he has thought it right to inflict a long letter of twenty-three pages, first on a friend, who is known only as '*Dear Sir*,' and then on the public. Some men have the habit of thinking aloud, and they are sad bores. Our author *grumbles* aloud, but to no earthly purpose that we have been able to discover: except that he has thereby produced several pages of pointless biblical *unaccented* Greek—an omission which leads us to the conclusion that he is a theological laic, and not a *civis* of any university.

## Review of the Month.

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MR. HEYWOOD'S CLAUSE ON THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BILL HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY A LARGE MAJORITY. It was moved on Thursday the 29th of June, and its terms were these:—'From and after the first day of Michaelmas term, 1854, it shall not be necessary for any person, upon taking the degree of Bachelor in Arts, Law, Medicine, or Music, in the University of Oxford, to make or subscribe any declaration, or take any oath, save the oath of allegiance, or an equivalent declaration of allegiance, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.'

A division was not at first expected, and the attendance was therefore comparatively small. Mr. Henley, however, maintained, as if in derision of the most obvious and palpable facts, that 'the Established Church was a missionary church to a large portion of the people,' and moved, as an amendment, that the clause be read a second time that day six months. He was appropriately seconded by Mr. Newdegate, and was followed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who declared in explicit terms, that it was the intention of the government to support the clause. 'He, for his part,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'should deliberately give that vote, in the conviction that, after the decision of the will of the House on this subject the other evening, he was doing that which was best for the interests of the University of Oxford.' The House was evidently impatient for a division, the result of which was a majority of 154 in favour of the motion; 233 voting for the clause, and only 79 against it. We are not surprised that the announcement was received with loud cheering.

The Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords on the 6th; when the Earl of Derby delivered himself of a somewhat guarded speech, in which he evidently sought to reconcile the passage of the measure with the future exigencies of his party. 'I have always entertained the opinion,' said the ex-Premier, 'that the imposition upon a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age, on his first entrance to the University, of an obligation to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England was most objectionable, not as bearing upon dissenters, but as bearing upon members of the Church of England themselves. To say the least of it, it is a most injurious regulation. I think it is trifling with a very solemn and a very serious matter. I think, moreover, that no injury would result to the University, but the contrary, if young men whose parents may have been dissenters from the Church of England had not the door of the University shut in their faces, provided they were willing to become members of it, to submit to and adopt its rules, and to observe its obligations.\*' With this avowal

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\* Similar sentiments were expressed by the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, on the 21st of March, 1834. 'He must say,' remarked his lordship



were coupled statements adapted to sober anticipations. The noble lord avowed his determination never to sacrifice 'the inestimable advantage of having the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge the nurseries for the Church of England;' declared that he should require a distinct declaration from her Majesty's government that no alteration in the system of teaching would be admitted; and even went so far as to affirm that no dissenter, on the ground of having taken the B.A. degree, should be appointed to the mastership of an endowed school. The progress of public opinion prevents any British statesman of mark from openly resisting the admission of dissenters, but it is sought to render their admission inoperative, by coupling it with restrictions worthy only of the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of a former age. On the 7th, the Upper House went into committee on the bill, and numerous amendments were proposed by Lord Derby and others. The government, however, obtained a majority on every division. A special effort was made against the twenty-seventh clause, which provides for the establishment of Private Halls. Lord Derby proposed its rejection, but being left in a minority of 33, he pettishly remarked that 'he certainly had no great encouragement to propose amendments, for, whatever might be the case elsewhere, the government, in their lordships' House, were enabled to deal with the bill exactly as they pleased.'

The Earl of Winchelsea delivered himself of one of his own speeches. If it be any relief to his lordship to give utterance to such rhodomontade, we cannot, of course, object; but, for the sake of his order, we could wish that a more sober judgment was permitted to control his actions. Such language as the following is not adapted to raise the peerage in the estimation of the British people. 'He believed this bill to be one of the most gross violations of justice that had ever been introduced to their lordships' notice, inasmuch as by it we were called upon to apply the property of individuals to sources entirely foreign to their expressed wishes and intention. After the passing of this bill, what security had any man that his property would not be turned into a different channel almost immediately after his death, and perverted to objects he had neither contemplated nor wished? There never was such a cursed bill brought before parliament, and the injury that it would effect he believed to be incalculable.'

The Bishop of Oxford replied in a caustic speech, which perfectly

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on that occasion, 'that young men of sixteen or seventeen years of age ought not, on their entrance, to be called upon to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, which, in all probability, in nine cases out of ten, have never been read or considered. Such a system, he must contend, was most injurious to the real interests of religion.' He would go further with regard to the discipline of the university, and most unhesitatingly express his entire dissent from the compulsory attendance of the students, morning and evening, in the chapels of their respective colleges. He complained, that day after day, and week after week, young men were called from their wine, at five or six o'clock in the evening, to attend divine service in the chapel, from which they returned to their wine again. This system was most injurious to the morals of the youth of the country, and was calculated more to deaden all feelings for religion than if all the dissenters of England were admitted to the honours of the University.'

—Hansard.

demolished the noble Earl. The bill was reported on the 11th, after several of their lordships had attempted to revive a discussion, which would have been more appropriate to the second reading. In the early part of the evening, Lord Brougham expressed his satisfaction at the concession made by the Bill, and his hope that the M.A. degree would be thrown open to dissenters in a similar manner to the B.A. 'He felt convinced that some means might be devised of doing so without entailing the necessity of admitting dissenters to the government of the University. He was quite aware,' remarked his lordship, in reply to the Duke of Buccleuch, 'that the Universities, if they chose, might do away with the necessity of declarations on taking degrees, and he very much preferred that they should do so rather than that it should be done by statute, because he felt they could do it much more effectually. In this case, however, the fact that, in the twenty years which had elapsed since this subject was last broached in their lordships' House, not one single step had been taken in that direction by either University, was a complete justification of the course which had been adopted of proceeding by statute.'

The bill passed through its final stage on the 13th. In a review of its rapid course through their lordships' House, it is impossible to forget the predictions which were uttered in the Commons, and to which Lord Stanley tauntingly referred. Objections were then taken to the admission of Mr. Heywood's clauses on the ground of their lordships' well-known aversion to the measure. It now appears, however, that the ministerial majority was more certain in the Upper than in the Lower House. We congratulate the country on the passage of the measure, which we frankly acknowledge has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. It will be well for our friends not to be too much elated. Their success is, in our judgment, mainly owing to the calm and temperate, yet decided course which has been pursued. Let the same policy be adopted in other cases, and we may yet live to see changes of unexampled magnitude and great religious significance. We should be doing injustice to our own feelings if we did not record our deliberate opinion that the success achieved is mainly due to the untiring diligence of the Chairman of the parliamentary committee of the Religious Liberation Society. From what has already occurred, we feel authorized to pronounce this department of the society's operations as amongst the most important and valuable of its labors. The eminent fitness of Dr. Foster for the post he occupies, is no longer a matter of opinion. Our most sanguine anticipations have been fully realized by the worth of the services he has rendered.

THE IRISH REGIUM DONUM WAS THE SUBJECT OF A VERY INTERESTING DEBATE ON THE 6TH. On the House proceeding, in a Committee of Supply, to the vote of £38,745, for the Presbyterian clergy of Ireland, Mr. Bright called attention to the history of the grant in a speech which displayed intimate knowledge of the facts of the case, and a deep sense of the injury inflicted by the grant on the very parties for whose benefit it was given. Having remarked that the vote being equal to the interest of a principal of one million, it could not be considered as unimportant, he proceeded to show, that it was not 'a grant given to an established church, nor did it partake in any degree of the

nature of charity.' The origin of the grant was entirely political, and its subsequent increase is attributable to similar causes. The grant dates from 1690, when William III. in reward of the services rendered by the Presbyterians conferred on them £1200 a year. Its amount was inconsiderable until 1803, when it was raised to £4000, and it was arranged that its recipients should be divided into three classes, taking £50, £75, £100, respectively. Thus it remained until 1838, when, on the representations of the Presbyterians, one uniform payment of £75 per annum to each minister was agreed on. The history of this grant from 1804 is strikingly illustrative of the way in which a vicious principle, if once admitted, quietly extends itself beyond the range of its original application. In the ten years succeeding 1804, £177,000 were granted to the Presbyterians of the north of Ireland, whilst in the last ten years £370,000 were thus voted, besides, as Mr. Bright remarks, 'a considerable sum annually for their professors, which ought to be added, and which would bring it up to £400,000.' The vote had therefore expanded during fifty years from £4000 to £38,000 annually, and by the system adopted there is no reason why a similar increase may not take place during the next half century. Now it is important to bear in mind that the Presbyterians of the north of Ireland are a substantial and well-to-do body. They are neither amongst the most wealthy nor the needy sections of the people. Their manufactures are extensive and prosperous, and Belfast, whose prosperity 'is equal to any seaport in the United Kingdom,' is in their hands. That such a people, whose members were mainly drawn from the middle classes, should come annually to the exchequer *in forma pauperis* is as discreditable to themselves as it is inequitable to the other portions of the community. Mr. Bright contrasted the ecclesiastical procedure of this body with that of the nonconformists of Wales, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Free Kirk, and the conclusion which he drew could not fail to make a strong impression on the House. We should gladly transfer to our pages the figures arranged by Mr. Bright, but must content ourselves with remarking that whilst the Free Church of Scotland raised last year for missions and education £51,000, and the United Presbyterian Church—though only half as numerous as the Presbyterian Church of Ireland—raised £16,000 for missions alone, this last body, for all these purposes, combining the conversion of Roman Catholics, foreign, colonial, and Jewish missions, raised only £10,000. The conclusion, therefore, to which Mr. Bright came was inevitable, that the vote was most injurious to the Irish Presbyterians themselves, 'crippling them, destroying that liberality and generosity which ought to be the distinguishing feature of a Christian church, and placing them in a position, in comparison with all other nonconforming sects of the kingdom, which was incredible, and which all good men must regret.'

We say nothing at present of the frauds to which the system gives rise. Some charges have doubtless been preferred which cannot be maintained, but on the other hand, it is beyond reasonable question that a series of discreditable manœuvres have been resorted to in order to relieve the Irish Presbyterians at the expense of the public revenue.



They are the only nonconformists who now receive state pay, and the grant made to them is voted in the interest of the Established Church. This fact was clearly admitted by Mr. Kirk, who spoke at length in defence of the vote. He knew the prejudices of the House which he addressed, and skilfully availed himself of them. We thank him for his admission, but draw from it an opposite conclusion. 'The grant,' he said, 'was on a footing precisely similar to that upon which the Established Church stood, and the present attempt on the part of the honorable member for Manchester and those who thought with him to knock down this grant was, he believed, simply made because Prebyterianism was an outpost of the Irish established church.'

We have long been aware of this fact. It is not that English churchmen care for Irish Presbyterians, but they are desirous of buying off opponents, and many of them *on the same ground* would make a vote to the Roman Catholics if the public sentiment of the country permitted it. It was not to be expected that Mr. Bright's proposition to reduce the vote to the sum of last year would be admitted. Many years' discussion was needed before we were relieved from the opprobrium of the *English Regium Donum*, and we must be content to labor on from year to year against this remaining buttress of the Irish Protestant church. The government, of course, supported the vote, and on a division Mr. Bright's amendment was rejected by a majority of 87, the numbers being 62 for, and 149 against it.

WE ARE GLAD TO REPORT THAT THE EDUCATIONAL GRANT of this year led to an extended discussion, which has further ventilated the subject, and presents some points of noticeable interest. Lord John Russell, on the 30th June, in a Committee of Supply, moved that £263,000 be voted for public education in Great Britain, during the year ending March 3rd, 1855, and prefaced the proposal by a statement explanatory of the past history of the educational grant. We were apprehensive that the success achieved on the previous evening would encourage the opponents of the grant to divide against it. We are glad, however, to find that they did not do so. Their object was better effected by the discussion which was raised. Mr. Miall moved that the vote be reduced to £180,000, his view being that there should be deducted from the sum named by Lord John Russell the £80,000 balance in hand, together with the £3000, in which the proposed vote exceeded that of last year. An animated and deeply interesting discussion arose. The general opinion of the House was decidedly in favor of the grant, though very conflicting views were broached respecting the various theories of our state educationists. Mr. Cobden spoke at considerable length in support of the grant, though his views, of course, proceeded much further than the system on which it is based. Indeed, the honorable member for the West Riding adverted to some strong objections to the present system, which, however, were overruled in his judgment by the greater evils which he supposed would arise from the amendment being adopted. 'Here was the committee of Privy Council,' said Mr. Cobden, 'of its own accord, without consulting parliament, granting public money, to which the voluntaries had contributed, for purposes in which they

could not partake, for it must be borne in mind that the voluntaries were excluded altogether from these schools. It was impossible not to admit that this was unjust to the voluntaries, and contrary, too, to constitutional principles, for *he really must say that it was going a little too far for the Privy Council to dispose of the public money in this manner.*

On the whole the tone both of Mr. Cobden's and of Lord John's speech was greatly in advance of their former exhibitions. Justice was not done by Mr. Cobden to the labors of the President of the Council, and the latter spoke in self-vindication with considerable feeling. Having intimated that he should not object to a committee of inquiry next year, Mr. Miall wisely refrained from pressing his amendment to a division. The voluntary educationists of Great Britain are greatly indebted to the honorable member for Rochdale for his exposition of their views, and we trust that his attention will continue to be given to a subject which is daily growing in importance, and for the solution of which facts are rapidly accumulating. Driven from one position to another the advocates of state-education, though still constituting a large majority, are compelled to make admissions in favor of the voluntary principle, to which a triumphant appeal may be made on future occasions. In the meantime let us be vigilant and active—vigilant in observing what our opponents attempt, and active in the employment of those means which we deem unexceptionable and sufficient.

THE CHURCH BUILDING ACT was thrown out on the 6th by a majority of 84, the numbers on the second reading being 59 for, and 143 against the measure. It was met by an amendment proposed by Mr. R. Phillimore, and seconded by Mr. Hadfield, and the debate clearly established the fact that the measure was adapted only to serve the purposes of the hierarchy, without promoting in any degree the religious interests of the community. So large a majority against such a measure is one of the exhilarating signs of the times. The day is passed for sacrificing all other interests to those of the church. A good case needs now to be made out in order that our legislature should intrust to ecclesiastical hands any large revenues. Recent disclosures make even churchmen recoil from measures which they would formerly have passed without hesitation.

THE SUBJECT OF MAYNOOTH WAS AGAIN DEBATED ON THE 3RD, under the form of an amendment to the 'Consolidated Funds Charges Bill.' In compliance with the wish of the House, that the *gross* income and expenditure of the State should be brought under its notice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced a bill for transferring some annual charges from the Consolidated Fund to the yearly estimates. Mr. Spooner availed himself of this opportunity to move, that 'the president, vice-presidents, and students of Maynooth College, and the expenses of the establishment' should be added to schedule B, so as to be included in the transfer. We have no sympathy with many of the views broached by Mr. Spooner and Mr. Newdegate; but in self-consistency, if from no higher motive, we should have felt bound to support his amendment, had we possessed a seat in the House. Prior to 1845, the vote to Maynooth was included in the estimates,

and was thus brought under the annual revision of parliament. In that year Sir Robert Peel proposed and carried through a bill to transfer it to the Consolidated Fund. Against this proposition a very general and strong feeling was expressed. Dissenters were all but unanimous, and their opposition was aided by the party of which Mr. Spooner may be taken as the representative. The minister, however, succeeded in carrying his measure, and the object of Mr. Spooner on the 3rd was to restore matters to the position in which they stood prior to the 8th and 9th Victoria, chap. 25. He was therefore entitled to the support of all who had opposed the measure of Sir Robert Peel, unless it could be shown—which was not attempted—that the grounds of that measure had been misapprehended, or that it had accomplished the good which in 1845 was denied.

The reasoning of Mr. Spooner is susceptible of an application far beyond his intention. His logic is singularly one-sided, and lays him perpetually open to rebukes, which his best friends must regret. This was strikingly shown by the honorable member for Leicester, who avowed his intention of supporting Mr. Spooner's amendment, 'because he regarded him as an instrument raised up by Providence to bring about the destruction of the Protestant church as by law established in Ireland. It was amazing to him that a gentleman with the sense which the honorable member possessed should advocate that monstrous delusion called Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and it was only because he was opposed to the principle of an established church, and in particular to that most detestable and disastrous of all church establishments—the one existing in Ireland—which he considered the present motion jeopardized—that he should vote with the honorable member.'

On a division the amendment was supported by 90, and opposed by 106 votes, and was consequently lost by the small majority of 16. We are glad to find in the minority the names of Sir James Anderson, Messrs. Barnes, James Bell, Bright, Challis, Crossley, Miall, Pellatt, and Pilkington. Though differing vastly from Mr. Spooner on the general grounds of his amendment, they only acted in consistency with their avowed principles in giving him their vote on this occasion. Political considerations may be allowed to overrule the religious convictions of other members, but those who take their stand on the high ground of scripture voluntarism ought to be superior to all such considerations. The Maynooth grant, like the Irish *Regium Donum*, is an outwork of the Protestant church in that country, and derives all its value, in the judgment of churchmen, from this fact. English statesmen know full well that it would be utterly impossible to retain that monstrous institution, if the larger bodies of dissenters were not bought off. The Maynooth grant is in fact the weak point in our opponent's works. To this, therefore, our assault should be directed, and when once the outpost is carried, we may calculate certainly on the surrender of the fortress. Nor are encouraging circumstances amongst the Catholics themselves wanting. The more reflective of them are beginning to distrust the zeal of their church allies, and we shall not be surprised at the views which are now



broached, gaining rapid currency within the papal church. Mr. Lucas has recently expressed this feeling in terms of ominous import. Having avowed his conviction that the Irish church establishment could not be overthrown without the Irish members arranging themselves on the side of the voluntary principle, he added, 'He should therefore advise them to renounce all parliamentary grants, and especially that for the College of Maynooth; for, until they did that, he did not believe they would ever obtain justice for Ireland. He considered that the abolition of that grant was only a question of time. The member for North Warwickshire very nearly succeeded the other night, and would probably have quite done so but for the accident of the division taking place unexpectedly, in removing the Maynooth grant from the Consolidated Fund and placing it upon the annual votes. If he had done so there was no question whatever, with the strong feeling against the vote and in favour of the voluntary system, that very shortly after its transference to the annual votes it would disappear from them.'

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED TO FIND THAT THE TABLES OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP recently published by the Registrar-General have been the subject of severe comment in the Upper House. We have long expected something of the kind. The disclosures which they make are 'gall and wormwood' to the members of the episcopal bench. Until lately, it has been fashionable to *pooh! pooh!* all questions pertaining to dissenters, by the plea of their being a small minority. Immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, their political importance was exaggerated, but for the last twenty years they have been unceremoniously dealt with by all classes of politicians. Their own statistics have been discredited as the reports of interested partisans, whilst their confidence has been superciliously laughed at as more befitting the regions of fancy than a practical world. This state of things is now terminated, and what is more, it can never be revived. Other forms of hostility may be adopted, and doubtless will be so, but as far as mere numbers are concerned, the 'Census of Religious Worship' has settled the question for ever. The Returns made by authority place beyond reasonable doubt the immense growth of dissent, and its consequent power. A change has in consequence come over the public sentiment of the country, and we shall do wisely not to be stimulated by it into injudicious and ill-timed efforts. Our first duty, is to sift the 'Returns' themselves. Let them be examined with the utmost possible severity. Many errors have probably been committed. Let these be corrected by all possible means. We fear not the result. We are confident of the integrity of our friends, and await the result of examination, with the full conviction that it will place our case beyond reasonable question. With these views, we are far from regretting that the subject was introduced to the Upper House on the 11th by the Bishop of Oxford. We have much to complain of in the course pursued by his lordship, and could use strong terms in reference to some of his statements. We are concerned, however, rather to give currency to his charges than to designate them as they deserve; assured that investigation will disprove his statements, and strengthen

our position. We are glad to find that the bishop does full credit to the remarkable ability with which these 'Returns' are presented to the public. Speaking of the statement issued from the Registrar-General's office, he admits that it does 'infinite credit to the gentleman who has drawn it up.' The office of the Registrar-General is also admitted to be free from complaint, but it is asserted that the members of the Church of England are understated, whilst the number of dissenters 'of nearly all denominations' is greatly exaggerated. The former of these statements comes with an ill grace from the Bishop of Oxford, who, in 1851, threw discredit on the machinery employed, and endeavored to dissuade the clergy from making returns. But apart from this, we meet the bishop on his present showing, and deny, without hesitation or reserve, the accuracy of his statements. As he deals only in general charges, we must be content with this denial; but if his lordship will be more specific, we pledge ourselves to render him every assistance in our power. In the meantime we simply remark that an *immense majority* of the Church Returns were received from clergymen who would not, of course, designedly understate the number of their own community.

That we may not be suspected of shrinking from the discussion which the bishop has raised, we give from the 'Times' of the 12th the Reports forwarded to him from various parts of the country. 'From these Reports,' he says, 'it appeared that at the time when the numbers were being taken the dissenters filled their places of worship on purpose to swell the return of their numbers; that many persons attended in these dissenting chapels in the evening who attended church in the morning and afternoon; that most, if not all, the dissenters of the neighbouring parishes always attended the particular parish where the census was being taken, so that they were in reality counted two or three times over; that special sermons were preached in the dissenting chapels to induce larger congregations to assemble; that the same persons often attended places of worship belonging to different dissenting denominations; that the unfavorable state of the weather during the time the census was being taken kept many people from the church; that many of the chapels mentioned in the Report could not hold the number of the persons returned as going to them, unless such persons were very small children; that all the children were taken from the charity schools and made to count in the returns; that the dissenters from the first entertained an opinion that the returns were to be looked on as a struggle between churchmen and dissenters.'

It is obvious to remark that some of these statements are self-destructive, and that others are founded on a total misconception of the principle on which the Returns are based. Respecting others, we wait till the bishop and his supporters condescend to give us chapter and verse. If in any case it can be shown that the *animus* attributed to dissenters was really exhibited, we shall be amongst the first to denounce the evil, and to hold up the parties guilty to the reprobation they merit. In the meantime we remark, that there was no such disinclination as the bishop alleges on the part of many of the clergy to make Returns. On the contrary, we know that earnest

endeavors were used in many cases to swell the returns, and we should like to know what reports as to *accommodation* were made in the case of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Ely Cathedral, and other similar places. Let inquiry be directed into all these points, and if we are not greatly mistaken, the result will be favorable to dissenters. That so able an advocate as the Bishop of Oxford should not have made out a better case, strengthens our confidence in the general accuracy of the returns. The Bishop of St. David's supported his brother of Oxford, while Earl Granville, with due official reserve, appealed to future examination as the best test of the *Returns* in question. On the whole, we are well satisfied with the discussion that has been raised. The question involved is felt to be of deep practical importance, and we are glad that attention has been called to it. We do not wonder at the soreness evinced. 'Let the galled jade wince,' but we must not be deterred by any squeamish sentimentalism from pressing home the facts which are now for the first time before the eye of a long-abused and misjudging people. The Church of England is not the Church of the *people of England*. It is supported only by a minority, and as such is dependent entirely on the monied interest which it involves. Instead of being the poor man's church it is the church of the wealthy, and would not endure for another year if the voice of the British people were permitted to decide its fate. We have no ill feeling towards its members. Let all vested interests be sacred, but let not a politico-ecclesiastical institution be confounded with the church of Christ, nor its mitred and wealthy clergy be mistaken for the successors of the fishermen of Galilee.

MUCH TIME HAS BEEN OCCUPIED IN DISCUSSIONS ON a 'Bill to Consolidate and Amend the Laws relating to Bribery, Treating, and Undue Influence at Elections of Members of Parliament.' This bill has grown out of two others presented to the House at the commencement of the session by Lord John Russell and Sir Fitzroy Kelly. The main features of the measure are—diminished penalties, the appointment of an officer entitled, 'Auditor of election expenses,' and the requirement from candidates and members of a declaration that their election expenses shall be confined, with the exceptions allowed by the Act, to the sums paid through the Auditor. Many of the discussions which have taken place on clauses of this bill have amusingly exhibited the solicitude of honorable members to retain the appearance of great purity, at the same time that the door is left open for all kinds of electioneering chicanery. Some of the supporters of the bill are persuaded, we doubt not, of its being adapted to the proposed end. We give them credit for sincerity, but, in honoring their motives, we cannot profess to share their hopes. Our faith in the measure is very small indeed. Let it, however, be tried; its failure will render still more evident the absolute inutility of all substitutes for the ballot. Lord John and his whig allies may be unwilling to adopt this expedient, but come to it they ultimately must, unless our constituencies are to be surrendered to the combined influence of bribery and intimidation. We do not say that the ballot will certainly correct all existing evils, but we are clearly of opinion that all other means will fail, and that this



holds out a reasonable prospect of success. Let it be tried, and we are content. Should it even fail, we are but in the same predicament as at present.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR DURING THE PAST MONTH has not been marked by any great events. The withdrawal of the Russians from Silistria has been followed by the passage of the Danube by the Turks. Omar Pasha has assumed the offensive, and some fierce encounters have taken place, in all which the Turkish forces have been successful. In these encounters the allied troops have taken no part, and considerable dissatisfaction is felt in this country at the slow progress they have made towards the Danube. The most striking feature of the campaign is the uniform success of the Turks. Wherever they have fairly encountered their opponents their bravery has carried everything before them. The courage and intrepidity of the Turkish soldiery have ably seconded the skill of their general. Europe has looked on with astonishment, and the most reluctant have been compelled to admit, that whatever may be the defects of Turkish legislation, the army of Omar Pasha is entitled to rank amongst the best soldiery in the world. Instead of yielding to the first onslaught of the Russians, as was predicted, they have turned back the tide of invasion; have worsted the Russians in several pitched battles; have inflicted immense losses on their invaders; and are now in the fair way of expelling them wholly from the principalities. In these achievements they have doubtless been aided by the advance of their allies. The knowledge of such advance, however slow its progress, has given energy and force to the Turkish general, and enabled him to press on the retreating columns of the Czar with a confidence which could not otherwise have been felt.

At first it was supposed that the Russians were about to evacuate the principalities, and large bodies of Austrian troops were to take their place in the interest of the Sultan. So confident was this expectation, that Lord John Russell assured the Lower House that the forces of Austria would cooperate to drive out the Russians from the Danubian principalities. This confidence, however, has not been justified. Austria still temporizes. We hope it may be in good faith, but we have our doubts. Her statesmen are evidently disinclined to break with the Czar, and there are not wanting Englishmen who concur with M. Kossuth in thinking that her policy is as wanting in good faith as it is deficient in determination and courage. The reappearance of the illustrious ex-governor of Hungary is a notable circumstance, and the views he has propounded at Sheffield, Nottingham, and Glasgow, are entitled to grave consideration. We cannot avow unqualified concurrence in those views. Looking at the question from an Hungarian point of view, we have nothing to object; but regarding them from our own *stand-point*, we say, 'If Austria be prepared, *in good faith*, to join the Western powers, let her be received; but, unless she is prepared to do so, let her aid be dispensed with. Better that she be the open and active ally of our opponent than the faithless member of our own council.' What we specially deprecate is the delay of energetic and determined action in

deference to her views. We confess that we greatly mistrust her negotiations with Russia. Again and again she has been expected to throw herself into the struggle, but whenever the critical moment has arrived, she has disappointed our expectations under some plea of renewed negotiations with St. Petersburg. With these views, we were glad to read the remarks of Lord Palmerston on the 24th; when, referring to the objects of the contest, he affirmed that 'the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire,' and security to Europe against the recurrence of war, must be effected. 'That security,' said his lordship, 'must be accomplished by the united arms of England and France—I care not who else joins us, or who else stands aloof; these two great countries, the two greatest military and naval powers in the world, united in a cordial alliance for the accomplishment of a common object, are surely able by their own energetic action to accomplish such a peace as will satisfy the conditions upon which we think the security of Europe ought to be placed.'

These sentiments are worthy of the occasion, and if followed out by the administration cannot fail to achieve an honorable peace. We have no wish to throw Austria into the arms of Russia; but should she ultimately join the Czar, the area of the struggle may be enlarged, but its issue will not be altered; Hungary, Poland, and Italy, may rise from their depression, but the Turkish empire will not be dismembered, much less will the Russian eagle be planted at Constantinople.

It becomes the friends of European freedom cautiously to guard against that intemperate expectation which leads many of our statesmen and journalists to deprecate the apparent inactivity of our naval and military forces. We have fully expressed, on former occasions, our regret at the dilatory nature of our early movements, but now that our fleets and army are in immediate contact with the enemy, it becomes us to exercise generous confidence in their commanders. That confidence we feel. Whatever skill and courage can effect will be accomplished, and we should deeply deplore any wasteful expenditure of life, in order to satisfy a morbid craving for some great exploit. It may suit the temper and policy of Mr. Disraeli to throw discredit on the military policy of our rulers. His purpose is sufficiently evident. Let us however be content with a cautious, firm, and determined procedure, which accomplishes its end with the slightest possible expenditure of means.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION HAS BROKEN OUT IN SPAIN, and it wears some features of promise. For a time it was exceedingly difficult to obtain any clear information respecting it. From what could be gathered, however, we feared that it was the movement of a mere military faction prompted by a spirit of narrow-class interest. So long as it retained this character the movement seemed likely to fail, but when an appeal was made to popular sympathies,—a response instantly took place, which, passing from one city to another, speedily became too powerful to be suppressed. By the latest advices we learn, that the ministry has resigned, and its members have sought safety in flight; that the Queen has yielded to the pressure which she could not withstand; that Espartero has been called to her councils; and that his own and General O'Donnell's name are now attached to the proclamations

which are issued. We look with much hope, but, we confess, not without some fear, to the issue of what is occurring. The upper classes of Spain are so utterly demoralized that we have no faith in their patriotism or courage.

WE ARE SORRY TO REPORT THAT THE PRO-SLAVERY PARTY has gained another triumph in America. This consists in the passage of the Nebraska Bill, by which the Missouri Compromise of 1820 has been annulled, and a large extension effected in the area of slavery. In the above year a compact was entered into, by which slavery was excluded from all territory belonging to the United States lying north of the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ ; but by the Nebraska Bill, these limits are greatly exceeded. Nearly 500,000 square miles are now opened to the operations of the slave system, the *future* of which is, in consequence, rendered more threatening and fearful. The Nebraska territory extends from the state of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and contains much more soil than all the thirteen original states. It is impossible, therefore, to calculate the value of this territory to the slave-holding system, and the marvel is how a sufficient number of votes was obtained to insure its success.

The bill was passed by the United States Senate in the early part of March, and we are told that 'there was much violence of speech, and false and insulting charges,' against those who opposed it. From the Senate the bill passed to the House of Representatives, where it was adopted on the 23rd of May by 113 votes against 100. We wait to see what will be the effect of the measure. Judging from the general tone of the American press, and from the movements of the American clergy, we conclude that its ultimate effect will be destructive of the purpose for which it has been urged forward. Some dishonorable exceptions are found—amongst which we are very sorry to note the case of the Rev. Dr. Cone, of New York. In general, however, a feeling of intense indignation has been awakened. Vast numbers who have hitherto refrained from taking part in the abolition struggle have now come forward, and are pledging themselves to future service with an earnestness which promises to make up for past neglect. The 'New York Tribune' represents the change as perfectly marvellous, and we trust that its anticipations will be realized. 'Two years ago,' says this journal, speaking of the abolitionists, 'they could not obtain here a place to assemble in, and were obliged to go to Syracuse to hold their anniversary. But now all this is changed. They are welcomed to one of the largest and handsomest churches in New York, and for the past two days their discussions have not only been entirely undisturbed, but have been attended by crowded and sympathetic audiences of the most respectable people. Even conservatism and moderatism now listen without a shock to the bold utterances of these quondam fanatics. Such is the effect produced by the conviction which is now gaining complete possession of the public mind at the north, that the south is faithless to its own pledges and is resolved to extend the area of slavery at whatever risk. This great change has been wrought by the Nebraska bill, and as yet we are only at the beginning. Garrison, Phillips, and all their compeers could not have made so many abolitionists and disunionists in half a century as Pierce, Douglass, Badger, and Clayton have made in three months.'



## EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that a change is contemplated in the editorship of our journal. This step has resulted from the pressure of other engagements, which compels one of the present editors to relinquish the post which he has occupied since 1836; and his associate, between whom and himself the most cordial co-operation has uniformly existed, retires with him. Arrangements have been made for the future conduct of the 'Eclectic' which cannot fail to be satisfactory to the friends of pure literature, scriptural voluntarism, and evangelical Christianity. This arrangement, however, will not take effect until January, 1855. We are not at liberty at present to name the individual on whom the editorship will then devolve. We should gladly do so, and are assured that all our readers would heartily concur in the propriety of the selection. In the interim, we shall continue to discharge the duties of the editorship as heretofore, in doing which additional stimulus will be derived from a consideration of the high talents and well-merited reputation of the gentleman to whom the journal will then be transferred.

The proprietorship of the work continues unchanged, and no expenditure will be spared which may be needed to maintain and greatly to extend its usefulness.

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Literary Intelligence.

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*Just Published.*

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